

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

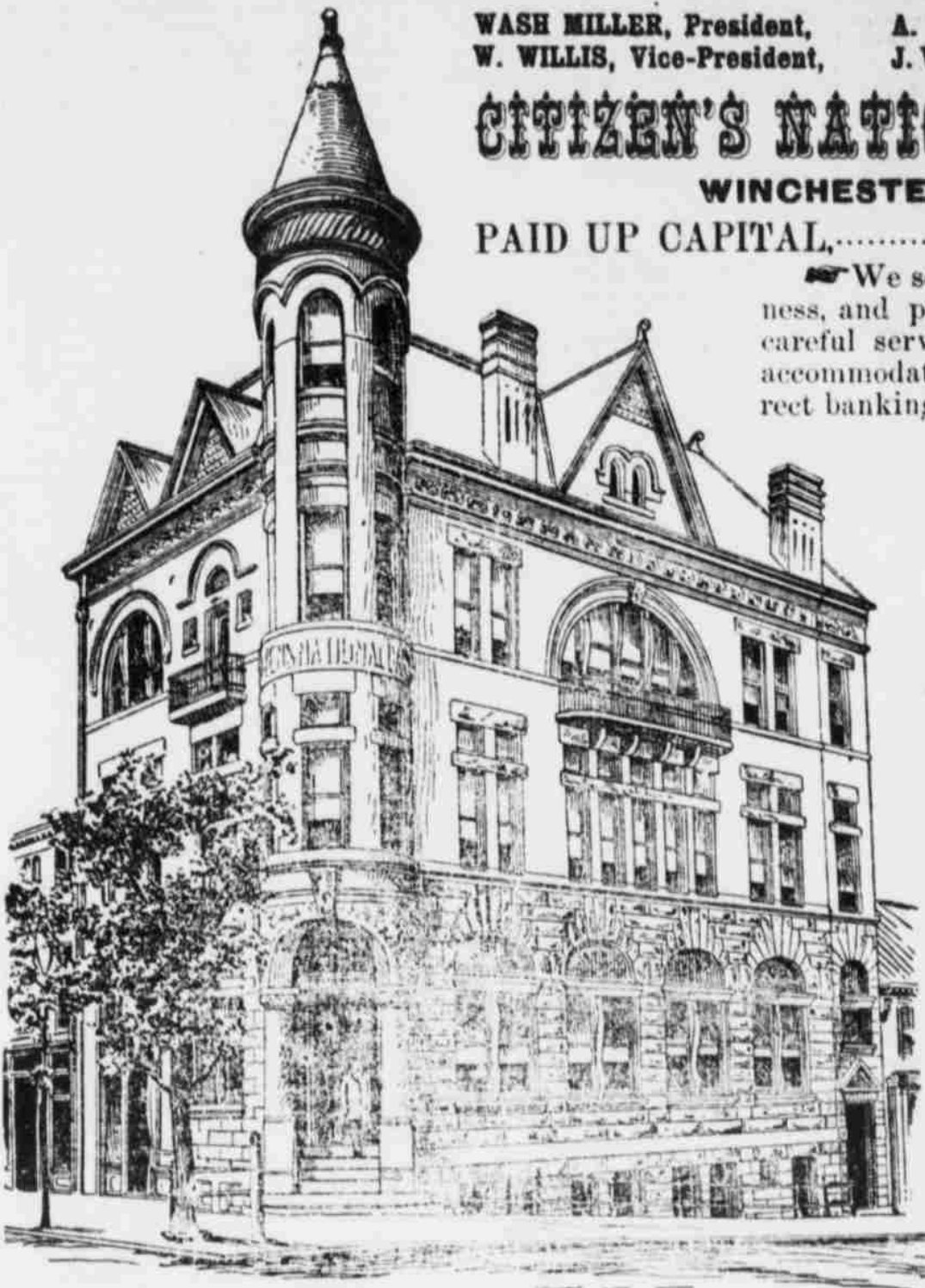
HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY. THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1903.

NUMBER 48.

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THE BREATHITT GRAND JURY

Is Now Investigating the Murder of J. B. Marcum, Dr. Cox, and James Cockrell.

A special term of the Breathitt Circuit Court, called by Judge Redwine to investigate the murder of Marcum, Cox and Cockrell, is now in session at Jackson, and on Monday Curtis Jett and Tom White were indicted for Marcum's murder.

Judge Redwine asked for soldiers to protect witnesses, and Governor Beckham sent 120 of the State Guard, under command of Col. Roger Williams, of Lexington, who are now guarding the court-house and the residence of Capt. Ewen. Judge Redwine removed Sheriff Callihan and appointed Charley Little as elizer, and the soldiers are assisting him in making arrests, etc., when necessary.

Judging from his charge to the grand jury, a part of which we append, it looks as if Judge Redwine is determined to sift things thoroughly and bring to justice all the guilty parties. Many, however, think he should have stepped down and had a special judge appointed. His charge follows:

"Gentlemen, the conditions that confront you this morning are too serious to be trifled with or even approached with indifference or lack of deepest concern. You have been impeached and sworn for the purpose of investigating the assassination of J. B. Marcum, James Cockrell and Dr. Cox. The killing of Cockrell and Cox has been submitted to former grand juries, who reported no indictments because of their inability to secure the evidence of important witnesses who were absent.

"I submit these cases to you again in the hope that under the present conditions you will be able to secure sufficient evidence to indict and convict; not only the men who did the shooting, but all who in any way either directly or indirectly aided, assisted, counseled, advised or encouraged the killing of these men.

"I will direct you to take up the case against Jett, charged with the killing of Marcum, first. I understand that most, if not all, the witnesses in that case are here, or within easy reach, and can be had as fast as you can take their evidence. I trust that by the time you have completed your work in the Marcum case the witnesses in the other two cases will be on hand, and that you will be able to return indictments against all persons who have in any way been connected with the assassination of these men.

"Gentlemen, I cannot impress the importance of this work upon your minds too strongly. When the blood of fallen victims stains the doorway of this temple of justice and hidden assassins do their work of destruction under cover of darkness and in the broad open daylight upon the streets of our town, it is certainly time that, not only the juries, but the whole people, join in such determined

and unyielding efforts as will insure the indictment, conviction and punishment of every criminal who has had a part in this savage and inhuman warfare. The blood of the slain must be avenged, and that by the law of the land and the just verdict of an honest jury.

Retaliation and private vengeance should not be tolerated or thought of in a civilized and enlightened county. There is a better and safer remedy; one that will be effectual to restore peace, and will leave no stain upon the hands of the executioner. The laws are made to govern and control the actions of men, and to punish those who disregard them. What is needed here is a more earnest desire among the people to look to the law for redress when they have been outraged by the commission of great crimes in their midst. If the great mass of the good people will live sober, quiet and peaceful lives themselves, will unite in an earnest effort, they can, in a lawful way, put an end to this deadly work of the highwayman and assassin.

The indifference with which the great mass of the people have looked upon crimes in this county has enabled many who should have been punished to escape.

You have been selected because you are supposed to be interested in the punishment of crime; because that it was believed that you were men of intelligence, of high character, sound judgment and well informed. I shall indulge the presumption that you are willing and anxious to do your full duty. That means, the indictment of every man shown by the evidence before you to be guilty of any of these crimes. Nothing less than this will answer the ends of justice, and nothing less will be accepted by this court. If you fail, that will only make it necessary to impanel another grand jury, who will come up to the full measure of their duty.

"But I expect no such necessity will arise, for being citizens of the county with homes, families and kindred to protect, you must realize the urgent necessity for the most thorough investigation of these crimes and the infliction of the severest penalty known to the law against the guilty.

"There will be no intimidation of witnesses or any one interested in these investigations. I have here a company of the State militia who will see that perfect peace and order prevails and that perfect protection is given to everybody. Mr. Byrd, your efficient and faithful Commonwealth's Attorney, will be present and examine the witnesses for you; and I have instructed him to write the evidence of each witness and have the witness sign it. All that occurs in the grand jury room must be kept secret and no juror is allowed to disclose to any one any evidence that is produced before you, and you are not allowed to talk to any one about your work or duty except the court or Commonwealth's Attorney. Mr. Byrd will give you all advice and additional instruction you may need.

"The court will be ready to receive your report at any time you may be ready to make one.

"With these suggestions I submit the important questions now under consideration into your hands, trusting and believing that you will do all in your power to fix the responsibility for these crimes, and that your labor may not be in vain."

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Word comes from Wake, Ark., that Rev. John J. Cox had a strange malady accompanied by yellow jaundice. For 12 years physicians were baffled, and though everything known to the profession was used, the trouble remained. One day he began to use Electric Bitters and in a week a change for the better came, and at length he was entirely cured. It's the most reliable medicine for Liver and Kidney troubles. Only 50c, and guaranteed by J. T. Day, Hazel Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons, druggists.

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THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

LOVE'S INSTINCT

By

JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

(Copyright, 1923, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

HOWARD MARSH, author and journalist, acknowledged that he was about to undertake a foolish quest, and that most of his friends would accuse him of having something lacking in his mental machinery if they should happen to hear of it. He acknowledged it to Trask, the city editor, who was silent and phlegmatic and rather a dull fellow on the whole, to his way of thinking, though he rather liked to talk to him at times because he listened so well. He acknowledged it again to little Miss Barbara Scott, who had passed the hey-day of young girlhood, one would say, and whom Marsh found to be a nice little old maid enough, and quiet, as old maids ought to be.

Trask had gone on smoking very calmly, after his disclosure, and it was only after a long pause that he had remarked dryly:

"So you are going down into the backwoods to find a genius! And she doesn't want to be found! How will you know her when you find her?"

But it was to Miss Barbara that he said, without reserve:

"You know, Miss Barbara—you won't mind my sitting here in the gallery, will you?—well, I am quite sure I would know her the very minute I saw her or heard her voice. Absurd, isn't it?—to have fallen in love with—with a mind, one might say. But from the time I read 'The Cross of Fire' I knew that I must find the author. And everything she has written since has appealed to me in such a way—there is such tenderness, such insight—something so elusive, as though one had caught a glimpse of a Dryad in the woods—and I simply am going to find her, you know. It was beastly mean in the publisher not to give me her name, but I did find out that she lived in this part of the



"AN AWFULLY SWEET VOICE, MISS BARBARA."

world—strange that she writes under that name—Oread—isn't it? Well, I am going to stay out here and look into every face in the country until I find her. You may laugh—I fancy I saw you smiling—but I think I shall know her."

He had told Miss Barbara the same story several times since he came to the Glen and secured board with Miss Barbara's mother. Miss Barbara sighed a little, and was thinking more, doubtless, of the next day's work in the little brown schoolhouse over the hill than of his quest for the Oread whom he would be sure to know.

The next day he came back with fishing rod and empty basket, but with alert step and jubilant eye.

"I have caught a glimpse of the new Miss Bledsoe," he said, "the one who been away from home. Her name isn't it? I have seen Miss Sarah and have half-way believed that she has written 'The Cross of Fire'—a cultivated girl, you the house is filled with ally must be one or the edsoes—they are almost the other people I have quite incapable of it. —well, she is a very now—not what you ty at all. And this ful—I have heard so I saw that she was extraordinary, you

I looked up from the ises she was correct- ay and now she bent

ful," she said, half-ab- pleasure merely to sit

—even in a glimpse," y, wouldn't it be lif all that beauty vith such talent?

with all that in it, and such bat my quest is a. Somehow I

have a kind of instinct that—that I need not go any further."

The only drawback to Mr. Marsh's happiness lay in the fact that he could not well go to the beautiful Miss Bledsoe and say: "I know that you are the 'Oread' who wrote 'The Cross of Fire'." The shy woodland spirit who had so carefully hidden herself away could not have her secret uncovered to the light of day in such a manner as that—but no matter—he would know. He would see her face to face very soon—perhaps to-morrow—and when he looked into her eyes and heard her speak he would know.

After that Miss Barbara heard the story from day to day. He always came in as she worked over the exercises late in the evening—there seemed to be never an end to those exercises—or sometimes it was later, and he found her resting in the gallery under the balsam vines.

"I am more sure of her every day," he said once. "Have you ever noticed what a soft voice she has?—an awfully sweet voice, Miss Barbara. And she is of just that shy, reserved kind—a true woodland spirit. Miss Sarah is quiet, too—but I don't think it can be Miss Sarah, do you, Miss Barbara? It is almost sure to be one or the other of them—I am positive of that—and it doesn't seem to me that Miss Sarah is possible."

"If Miss Sarah were beautiful there would be two possibilities," said Miss Barbara with a little smile; "and that would lead to a great deal of irresolution and complicate your decision."

He flushed uneasily.

"But the other one is beautiful," he said. "And I am sure she is the one."

At the end of the week he was given to silence, and instead of sitting in the gallery and talking with Miss Barbara he was prone to walk up and down the white path in the moonlight. He had reached the point where speech was difficult. Many nights had passed before he paused at the step and looked up at Miss Barbara, sitting in the shadow.

"Are you going to tell me that you have found her?" she asked, without turning her head.

"Yes—I have found her," he said, with a new quality in his voice. "That is—I have found—Eve. I suppose I must have come here for that."

"And she is—the lady of your dreams?" asked Miss Barbara after a little pause.

"She may be," he said. "I don't know. I have forgotten the dreams. The only thing I remember is that I am in love with the most beautiful woman I have ever known."

"What more could one ask," said Miss Barbara. A heap of little papers slipped from her lap as she moved, and he stooped to help her gather them up. "It is nothing but the children's exercises," she murmured. "I have been sitting there—dreaming—you didn't know that I ever dreamed, did you?—and forgot to put them away?"

It was more than six months afterward that Howard Marsh looked in one day upon Trask, sitting in his little den of an office, where the papers were piled high up on every chair. Marsh was just returned from his wedding journey in lands afar, and was a little pale, for he had found the beautiful Eve was at times hard to entertain.

"Glad to see you," said Trask, with a new light in his cold eyes, that took all their coldness away. "Just back from your bridal tour? We didn't take any—but we are very happy, just the same."

"You? You? Are you married?" asked Marsh incredulously.

"Yes—hadn't you heard? 'Oread,' you know—why, of course you know her—Miss Barbara Scott—come around to the house—you and Mrs. Marsh—and renew old acquaintance. By the way, it was that silly talk of yours that put me in the notion to find 'Oread' for myself—knew her the minute I saw her. Much obliged to you I'm sure."

But Howard Marsh had tumbled the papers off a chair and was sitting there, laughing—a laugh that somehow was lacking in most of the elements of mirth.

Close Calls in Boer War.

Fantastic escapes from death were by no means uncommon features of the Boer war. There was exhibited some time ago in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution one of Queen Victoria's chocolate boxes, in the lid of which is still deeply imbedded a Mauser bullet. To that same collection there has just been added an even more remarkable relic. This is a silver cigarette-holder case, which was struck by a bullet at a distance of 1,200 yards while it was in the pocket of a captain of the Imperial Yeomanry. The curious part about it is that the officer was not aware until afterward that he had been struck, although the bullet also pierced the sovereign purse and cigarette case which he was carrying in the same pocket.—London News.

A floral clock with a dial 100 feet in diameter will be one of the features of the St. Louis exposition.

NEVER SAW SUCH LARGE YIELDS.

The Climate Is Healthy—The Winters Are Pleasant in Western Canada.

Writing from Stirling, Alberta, to one of the agents representing the Canadian Government Free Homestead Lands, Mr. M. Pickrell, formerly of Beechwood, Kentucky, says of Western Canada:

"In the first place we will say that the summer season is just lovely indeed. As to the winter, well we never experienced finer weather than we are now enjoying. We have just returned from Northern Alberta and will say that we found the weather to be very mild, the air dry, fresh and invigorating. Considering everything we can say that the winters here are most pleasant, healthy and enjoyable to what they are in the States. Here it gets cold and continues so till Spring—there are no disagreeable winds. In South Alberta it is some warmer—two to four inches of snow may fall and in a few hours a Chinook wind comes along, evaporating the entire snow, leaving terra-firma perfectly dry, in fact, we did not believe this part until we came and saw for ourselves and we now know what we herein write to be just as we write it. There has not been a day this winter that I could not work out doors. Farmers here are calculating on starting the plough the first of March.

"As to farm wages, we would not advise a man to come here with the expectation of living by his day's work, but all who do want a home I advise to have nerve enough to get up and come for there never has been, and may never be again, such a grand opportunity for a man to get a home almost free.

"As to the crops, I have been in the fields before harvest, saw the grass put up and the grain harvested, and I never saw such large yields. I saw oats near Edmonton over six feet tall that yielded 80 bushels per acre, and I talked to a farmer near St. Albert who had a field year before last that averaged 110 bushels per acre, and weighed 43 pounds to the bushel. All other crops would run in proportion—as to potatoes and vegetables, the turnout was enormous. I have such reports as the above from all sections that I have visited, and that has been every community between the Edmonton district and Raymond in the Lethbridge district.

"As to stock raising, I would advise a man to locate in this place, or any place, in South Alberta, but for mixed farming, I would say go up farther north, say near Lacombe, Wetaskiwin or Edmonton, where it is not quite so dry and where there is some timber to be had. I will say that nowhere have I ever seen a better opportunity for a man, whether he has money or not, to obtain a home. Nowhere can be found a more productive soil, better water and a better governed country than Western Canada affords. Inducements to the homeseeker are unexcelled. I met two men near Ponoka on the G. & E. R. R., who borrowed the money to pay for their homestead and in four years those two men sold their farms—one for \$2,500, the other for \$3,000. I met a man near Wetaskiwin who landed here with 25 cents six years ago. He is now worth \$8,000. The advantages for ranching are excellent, in fact I do not believe this section can be beat. Markets are good; as to living, a family can live as cheap here as they can in the States. The average yield of oats in this neighborhood, last year, was 70 bushels per acre; wheat averaged 35, barley 40, and the beet crop was good. In consequence of the successful cultivation of the beet, a large beet sugar factory is being erected at Raymond, seven miles from here.

"In conclusion, I will say that N. W. T. from Manitoba to a long distance north of Edmonton produces most wonderful crops. Lakes and rivers abound with fish, and game is plentiful. And that this is unquestionably the country for a man to come to if he desires to better his condition in life. I would advise the prospective settler to look over the Lethbridge, Lacombe, Wetaskiwin and Edmonton districts before locating.

"I will locate in the Edmonton district next Fall and several families from the States will locate with me. In the meantime, I will receive my mail here and will be pleased to give the interested all the information desired."

For information as to Railway Rates, etc., apply to any agent of the Canadian Government whose names appear elsewhere in this paper.

Great Expectations. Her Former Mistress (admirably)—He certainly is a bright baby, Norah. I expect he will make his mark some day.

Mrs. Mulcaughy (fondly)—Sure, ma'm, an' we expect he'll be able to do more than make his mark—we want him to be able to write his name!—N. Y. Times.

RECORDED IN OLD HEMLOCK.

Interesting Tale of an Unknown Wisconsin Stream Told by a Buried Beaver Dam.

Not long ago John Rivers, one of the oldest guides in the Wisconsin north woods, thought he needed some clay with which to rethick his log cabin. The spring thaw had taken out much of the clay and the raw winds of April were coming through the cracks and blowing the blankets off him at night, relates the New York Sun.

He took a spade and went to a piece of marshy land in the western part of Vilas county, and, wading out into the bog, began to dig. He went down five feet without striking any clay, but found timber and took some of it up to examine it.

He brought up several pieces. They were of a uniform length of five feet and three inches thick at the butts. They had once been hemlock saplings.

Each end of each piece showed the marks of beaver cuttings. The grooves made by the sharp front teeth were as plain as when they were made ages ago.

Rivers is all right on bear, wolves and deer, but no great shakes as a geologist. He took some of the timbers to Minocqua and asked for expert opinion. He got a lot of opinion, but not any of it expert. The general notion was that the beavers had done the cutting anywhere from 5,000 to 50,000 years ago.

In the western part of Vilas county there is no made land except swamp or marsh land. This is made by slow washings from the hills, which, in this instance, were quite a mile away. How long it took the rains and melting snows to carry down the dirt from the hills and build five feet of earth above the top timbers of the ancient beaver dam, no man can say. It took a long time.

The wood when the guide dug it up was apparently as solid as a rock; in fact, seemed to be semi-petrified. It stayed hard for more than 24 hours. Then it began to dry and crumble.

In two days it was so soft that it could be broken by a pinch of the fingers. In three days it was as rotten as any above-ground punk, and in less than a week it had gone into dry dust.

That was a great country for beaver as late as 30 years ago. The government established a Chippewa Indian reservation near there, however, and that meant the death of the beavers and of everything else that was not swift enough to get out of the way, for Indians herded on a reservation destroy every eatable or sellable thing within reach in and out of season. There has been no beaver trapping to speak of in the Lac du Flambeau waters for 20 years.

Rivers, moved by curiosity, has made some subsequent diggings in the marsh, enough to show the extent and direction of the dam, which was a big one, evidently obstructing the waters of a considerable stream of which not a vestige remains.

AUTOMOBILE EYE DISEASE.

Fast Riding Without Goggles Results in Most Distressing Affection.

Few people yet realize the risks to which unprotected eyes are subjected by fast riding in automobiles. It is generally supposed that goggles are worn to exclude particles of grit, which would irritate, but not seriously injure, the eye. Prof. A. Edward Davis calls attention, however, to another and a more important reason for carefully shielding these organs when moving rapidly in an open vehicle, says the New York Tribune.

One of the most common diseases of the eye is conjunctivitis, or inflammation of the conjunctiva, which is the mucous membrane lining the lids, socket and ball of the eye. When inflammation sets in the blood vessels of this membrane become badly congested, and much time, patience and self-restraint are needed to insure recovery. One form of the disorder, says Dr. Davis, is produced by the concussion of the air combined with the chilling effect of the wind. He indicates symptoms by which it differs from other varieties. The inflammation is deeper seated, reaching the eyeball rather than the lid, and the discharge is more watery than in the ordinary type.

Owing to the fact that conjunctivitis lingers vexatiously, and returns on slight provocation, riding in automobiles should be prohibited unless close-fitting goggles are worn. The safeguard should be adopted, too, before any trouble appears. It is easier to persuade men than women to use them, but both sexes are subject to the disease. The preservation of their eyesight is presumably as important to one as to the other.

A Comfort.

Mrs. Flynn—It must have bin a great blow when Dinny died, Mrs. Murphy.

Mrs. Murphy—Yis; but Oi r-remembered we are all in the hands av an unshrupulous providence.—Judge.

CALLED IT A BATTLE SONG.

It May Have Been an "Ave Maria," But the Painter Couldn't Think So.

Guests at musical parties are not commonly expected to be especially attentive. They may talk to any extent, dependent largely on the amiability of their hostess. But the conduct of a foreign painter in New York surprised his guests at this entertainment given in his honor. He was seated in the front row, and was the most conspicuous person in the room next to the popular contralto, who had just begun to sing. Before she had finished the first verse the guest of honor arose, walked to his hostess, said goodnight, and prepared to leave, relates the New York Sun.

"But you won't go now in the midst of her song," said the hostess. "It is an 'Ave Maria.' It would embarrass her terribly."

By this time all eyes were turned on the painter, but he seemed quite indifferent. "She may call it an 'Ave Maria,'" he said. "I should say it was a battle song."

With that comment the painter left the house. He has not been allowed to enter it again.

"They Waited" and "Saw."

Warren's Corners, N. Y., April 29th.—"Wait and see," you'll better now, of course, but the cure won't last."

This was what the doctors said to Mr. A. B. Smith, of this place. These doctors had been treating him for years, and he got no better. They thought that nothing could permanently cure him. He says:

"My kidneys seemed to be so large that there wasn't room for them, and at times it seemed as if ten thousand needles were running through them. I could not sleep on my left side for years, the pain was so great in that position I had to get up many times to urinate, and my urine was sometimes clear and white as spring water, and again it would be high colored and would stain my linen. The pain across my back was awful. I was ravenously hungry all the time. After I had taken Dodd's Kidney Pills for four days my kidneys pained me so bad I could hardly sit down. On the morning of the fifth day I felt some better, and the improvement continued till I was completely cured."

"As this was months ago, and I am still feeling splendid, I know that my cure was permanent and genuine."

A Barrier.

"What have you in the way of beefsteak today?" asked the cheerful customer, who hadn't paid his bill.

"Well," replied the frank butcher, "I reckon about the only thing in the way is its price."—Baltimore News.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callus, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Ecclesiastical.

Church—Do you think he is a well-proportioned man?

Gotham—No; his lungs are away out of proportion to his brains.—Yonkers Statesman.

Tired of It—Visitor—"O, what a nice parrot you've got! Pretty Polly! Polly want a cracker?" Parrot—"O, come off! I'm not as green as I look."—Chicago Tribune.

Three trains a day Chicago to California, Oregon and Washington. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Lines.

Every man is the architect of his own character.—Boardman.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color more goods, per package, than others.

The man who admits nothing has nothing to explain.—Chicago Journal.

The more we study the more we discover our ignorance.—Shelley.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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The house that tells the truth.

THE STEADY, SILENT ONES.

The roar of the storm is fierce and loud. It lashes and crashes and rips and tears. The water is dashed against the pane. The world is drenched by the sheets of rain. But after the blustering, what is the gain. What good has been wrought in the world's affairs?

The warm, sweet drizzle that comes along And quietly busies itself all day Helps the sprouts to push through the softened ground. Lures the buds outside for a peep around. And with never a roar or a fearful sound Does the work that the loud storm never may.

It isn't the bluster, the noise that counts In deeds or out with the busy throng; The boasting man, like the storms that tear

And rip and howl, the world can spare— The steady and silent ones must care— For the good old earth as it rolls along. —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Difference of Opinion

By NELLIE CRAVEN GILLMORE

(Copyright, 1911, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

IT WAS well past 11 o'clock when Disbrowe reached his home, but a bright light still gleamed a cheerful welcome through the sitting-room windows. His eyes softened with a quick glow of pleasure as he noted this, transforming his distinctly plain face into momentary beauty. A wave of tenderness swept over his face. "Dear little Violet," he murmured softly, "dear little woman, perhaps after all—" He broke off and ran lightly up the veranda steps.

The one drop lacking to complete the cup of his great, new-found happiness, seemed now, indeed about to be realized. New life was in his blood as he drew out his latch-key and stooping, applied it tremulously to the lock. Surely he had been too exacting—too critical! His hands shook a little as he pushed open the door, but he controlled himself and passed into the corridor. An eager flame leaped to his eyes as he turned them, tentatively, toward the sitting-room. He took a quick step forward, then paused abruptly, a keen shadow of disappointment chasing the joy from his face. The room was empty.

All at once, things grew flat and colorless. In the loneliness of the room, a more complete sense of his own isolation came to him than he had ever before known. He walked mechanically to one of the windows and looked out where the sycamores moved gently in the dapple moon-light.

How placid and beautiful the world might have been, but for one thing.

But there was no longer any excuse to try to close his eyes to the underlying significance of his wife's bearing toward himself, which grew more and more palpable each day. Every nerve seemed to shrink with an indefinable foreboding as the panorama of the past flashed sharply across his brain.

After awhile he drew a deep breath and his hand went involuntarily to his pocket, resting there lingeringly, with a sort of regretful affection. For an instant, a look of gratified pride stole over his rugged features as his fingers closed tenderly over the precious letter that had that day brought him tidings of fame and fortune. Then with a gesture of quick loathing, he jerked them back and turned from the window. What mattered it? Fame, success, wealth—everything! all seemed but a mockery when the very heart within him was shriveling to the core.

With a sigh he sought his sleeping-room, taking off his clothes in a half-dazed fashion that betrayed the mastery of some terrible emotion. He was exhausted after the day's strain and soon dropped into a restless slumber. Toward dawn, he was dimly conscious of footsteps on the veranda; there was a buzz of voices, then his wife's low laugh broke musically on the still air and he fell into a profound sleep that lasted till morning.

Dawn broke gradually into a perfect day. Violet Disbrowe sat watching the brilliant streaks of sunlight that trembled through the breakfast-room window. At the sound of someone approaching, she lifted the paper in her lap with a sudden assumption of interest. Presently she glanced up into her husband's face, a look of apprehension that was almost fear, leaping to her eyes as they encountered his. They were dull and sunken and his face bore a startling pallor. He made some casual remark and his wife replied in kind, after which a constrained silence ensued.

After awhile, Violet glanced furtively toward her husband and her lip curled faintly. "And that man is my husband," she reflected with a shiver, "I belong to him!" mentally comparing his rugged exterior to the polished grace of the other men with whom she associated.

Awkwardness was perhaps the one word that best described the whole man. Long, loosely put together, his attenuated limbs serving only to

accentuate the first impression of ugliness, he was not rendered more attractive by the clumsiness that emphasized every movement.

The woman was the first to break the silence. "I have asked Jack Wetherell to spend the week with us—you don't mind? He leaves for the front next week and I thought—" She broke off, toying hesitatingly with her coffee-spoon.

A sudden hardness came into Disbrowe's face. He rose sharply and pushed back his chair. His wife glanced up quickly, a strange uneasiness stealing over her because of his unusual manner.

"You have no objection, dear?" she urged impatiently, a half contemptuous note on the last word. She looked narrowly at him, but his face was quite unmoved. He had lighted a cigar and was smoking mechanically. "By all means, Violet; entertain anyone you wish in your own home," he stood in an embarrassed fashion by her chair for a second, then quietly left the room.

His wife looked after the receding form with an expression of slow wonder. For the first time in their married life he had not offered to kiss her good-bye at parting! For a moment this show of indifference stung her into swift resentment. But it was merely transient. All thought of the tiresome husband vanished before the image of the man who threatened to bring a shadow into the hitherto blameless home.

That evening with Jack Wetherell seemed strangely short, in contrast to the long, dull hours she was sometimes forced to spend in her husband's society. With what force and cleverness he touched upon the subjects of the day; the latest triumph in the world of art, of literature—the one book especially, about which two worlds were to rave. After the great originator, the great interpreter; and such was Wetherell. His every word was teeming with interest; so different from the rapid discussions with which Disbrowe was wont to regale himself.

By the side of this man's conversation that of her husband's became mere insipid twaddle. The thought that she was the wife of such an one grew more and more intolerable with every hour.

All through the night she tossed feverishly on her pillow, weakly struggling against the insidious shadows that hovered about her. It was near midnight when Disbrowe returned from the office, but she was keenly alive to the sound of his footsteps. A nameless apprehension that was almost appalling swept over her. What would the future bring forth?

The week went by on golden wings and Wetherell still lingered. The book of sentimentality, long closed between them, was now fully open to both. Outwardly the time had passed uneventfully, but the first subtle attraction that had drawn the two together was now sprung into fierce life. There was only a wild, insatiable desire to escape from the desperate monotony of her everyday life. To one of her temperament, she argued, a great devotion was necessary; not the slavish devotion of a fawning husband,

but the consuming love of a nature in affinity with her own!

When Disbrowe came home the following night the house was in total darkness. He entered with a dull foreboding preening like a physical burden against his heart. He sat down wearily to rest, all capacity for thought seeming to have gone from his over-charged brain. Presently he turned absently to take up the evening paper. As he did so his keen eye singled out a folded sheet of note paper on the reading table. There was no address; he raised it slowly with hands that shook beyond his control and read:

"My Darling: I am compelled to be away from home this evening, much to my regret. Forgive what must have seemed like neglect for the past few days and believe me, always,

Your loving 'Violet.' "

When he had finished reading the note Disbrowe glanced hastily about him; then with a sudden impulse of unspeakable joy he lifted the precious bit of paper and held it fervently to his lips. After all then he had been but a blind, unreasoning fool! He anathematized himself bitterly for the part he had acted, resolving to make atonement in a thousand different ways as long as he lived. For an hour he did not move, unutterably glad of life; unutterably relieved, which was more.

Presently the front door opened and closed softly. He slipped noiselessly into the corridor and seized his wife's hands in his, devouring her face with his eyes. "Dear," he said tremulously, "I found your note and I've counted the hours until your return. I—I have been a brute to you, Violet; say that you forgive me!"

She stared at him incredulously for an instant, then swift comprehension swept over her. He had read the note she had left for Jack Wetherell. There was a momentary feeling of terror, then a sensation of fierce resentment, followed by one of quick revulsion. Her own wrongdoing flashed before her in vivid contrast to this man's trust. At the seeming evidence of one frail fragment of affection on her part he had counted as naught all the slights, neglect, even sneers that had been heaped upon him for another and in that other's presence.

For a long time she was silent, a great thankfulness in her heart for the salvation that had come to her in time. Presently she lifted her hand and laid it gently on her husband's head, noticing now for the first time, the stippling of silver that lay thick among the heavy masses of hair.

"It is I who should ask forgiveness, dear," she whispered. Her lips quivered painfully and a pleading look came into the blue eyes.

Disbrowe laid one of his big hands on her brown curls and laughed away her seriousness. He patted her softly on the cheek and stooping whispered something in her ear.

She looked at him with a startled exclamation. "And you did not tell me," she cried reproachfully. "So you are the wonderful 'incognito,' the rising star on the literary horizon! Oh, Dick, I have married a great man and I am just a little fool."

"Opinions differ," he replied, smiling.

THE PRINTING OF BIBLES.

Why the American Bible Society May Only Issue Copies of the King James' Version.

In answer to Unity, a Unitarian paper, of Chicago, which criticizes the American Bible society for not printing the revised version of the Bible, Rev. Dr. Edward P. Rogers, secretary of the society, said the other night: "We have printed the Bible in nearly 100 languages and dialects. More than one-half our work is in foreign languages. We print only the King James version in the English language. Why? because our charter, given in 1816, holds us to this version. We are not permitted with the money that has been given us to print any other English version until our charter is changed."

"Wool" from Turf Fibers.

The ingenious Germans are now making "wool" from turf fibers. It is said that recent improvements in the process of treating turf fibers have resulted in the production of a soft material, which can be spun as readily as the wool of the sheep, and which, besides possessing excellent absorbent properties, is capable of being bleached and colored for use in the many different textile industries. Duesseiderf is the center of this new industry and in that city cloth hats, rugs and many other things are being manufactured from turf fiber. The discovery, it is asserted, opens up the prospect of a new industry for Iceland. —Kobe Herald.

Delicate Astronomical Instruments.

The astronomer has heat-measuring devices that can detect infinitesimal variations of temperature and indicate the heat of stars distant that our eyes never can see. —Science.

Many a man has very justly gained a reputation for wisdom by just looking wise when everyone else was acting the fool.

Effect of Lava on Steel Construction.

Metallic construction appears to have had a very low power of resistance during the volcanic eruption at St. Pierre. Not only was it incapable of withstanding the weight of the burning matter, but some chemical action is likely to have taken place which transformed the particles. One of the cases mentioned is the market of St. Pierre. After the cyclone of 1891 the authorities decided to reconstruct it in the most solid manner. Cast iron was adopted. It is now impossible to find the slightest trace of a construction which had an area of 2,000 meters square. —American Architect.

Canadian Soldiers Join Our Army.

Two young Canadian soldiers have discarded the British uniform at Syracuse, N. Y., to make application to wear the Yankee blue. Their names are McIntyre and Rose, and both have seen long service in the British army. One of them wears the Victoria cross, won in the Boer war. They came from Kingston, Ont., where they had been stationed with company B, Kingston battery. At the clothing store where the change of costume took place the soldiers took off their red caps, saluted, kissed the caps, and said, solemnly: "Good-by, old cap, forever."

Strange Youth of Fortune.

A New York young man, Alexander Smith Cochrane, who inherited \$14,000,000 from his uncle, is going to study sociology and try to benefit mankind, which moves the Chicago Record-Herald to say: "How Mr. Harry Lehr and Reggie Vanderbilt must pity a boy like that."

His Mistake.

She (learning poker)—Now, if you held my hand, what would you do? He—Oh! I'd make a bluff that I was holding something good. She—You hear! thing!—Puck.

It is a curious and also a significant fact that there is no definition of religion in the Bible.



DAY DREAMS.

"When I'm a man," said Johnny, "I'll be a sailor bold, And I'll sail the mighty ocean in search of wealth untold. And I'll build myself a castle with a fearful donjon keep. And I'll have ten thousand vassals who will guard me while I sleep. "Then I'll rescue some fair princess from a robber, don't you see? And she will thank me sweetly and say she'll marry me. And when I wed the princess I'll be a king, you know, And I'll have a million subjects who will bow before me low!" But while he was a-dreaming of the time that was to be, The teacher asked him gently the simple rule of three; Then his castle and his kingdom faded into air at once, And the crown that fate decreed him was the tall cap of a dunce. —Ysabel De Witte Kaplan, in St. Nicholas.

CLEVER FOX TERRIER.

He Has Learned So Many Tricks That He Might Almost Be a Circus Performer.

In Jamaica, New York, there lives a very clever little fox terrier dog who might almost be a circus performer, so many tricks has he learned. But his "star performance" is one in which he shares the honors with a tiny Maltese kitten. In fact, it is really the kitten that is the "star." The kitten is dressed in doll's clothes, and submits with much grace while the buttons are fastened and the strings tied. Then the fox terrier is told to "sit up," which he does, without delay, balancing himself on his haunches. Then the kitten baby is laid in his "arms," and both keep perfectly still till the command is given: "Kiss the baby gently."

Then the doggie bends over and kisses kitty. Kitty does not like this a bit, but she submits with good grace, only flattening her ears to show her disapproval. The terrier, however, seems to enjoy it, and kisses kitty's little nose over and over.

The minute the kitty baby is undressed she shows her much less gallantry, for, with a joyous bark, he starts to chase her, and the little bundle of fur leads him a dance all over the house, stopping now and then to arch her back and spit at him furiously. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Flag Has Peculiar Interest.

Gen. Eugene Griffin has in his possession the American flag made by the sailors in Lieut. Gilmore's party out of patches and strips of their clothing after their rescue from the insurgents in the wildest part of Luzon.

LATEST MOUSE TRAP.

Any Boy Can Construct One and Thereby Leave the Old Family Cat Without Occupation.

Years ago cats had a value all their own, according to their ability to rid a house or barn of the rats and mice which infested these buildings, but with the introduction of the automatic trap, the felines may possibly have been the authors of the exclamation recently attributed to the horse when the automobile made its appearance: "My occupation is gone!" However, the cats still have the consolation of being retained as pets, with an occasional mouse as a secondary consideration. The trap has come to stay, and goes on dealing out death to the rodents with as much regularity and faithful-



AUTOMATIC MOUSE TRAP.

ness as the cat was wont to exercise in former times. We show herewith the latest idea in the trap line, which comes to us all the way from Cape Colony. This device is to be suspended from the pantry shelf, and has an opening leading across what looks to be a perfectly safe path to the bait inside the cage. But woe to the mouse or rat which attempts to reach that bait, for the path turns out to be a tilting platform, which at the proper moment swings on its pivots, releases itself, and slides the animal into the water tank beneath. The picture shows the trap doing its cruel work. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

An Original Poe Manuscript.

The original manuscript of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Bells" has been sold at auction at Philadelphia for \$2,100. It was part of the Harold Peirce library. The manuscript is a little scorched. It consists of slips of blue paper pasted together, and originally formed a strip eight inches wide and 37 1/2 feet, but it has been divided into three more or less equal parts. It lacks the last fourteen lines of the completed poem, but it is believed that they never formed a part of this sheet.

Great Yellowstone Falls.

The Great falls of the Yellowstone river, in the Yellowstone National park, are more than twice the height of Niagara falls, but the volume of water is not so great.

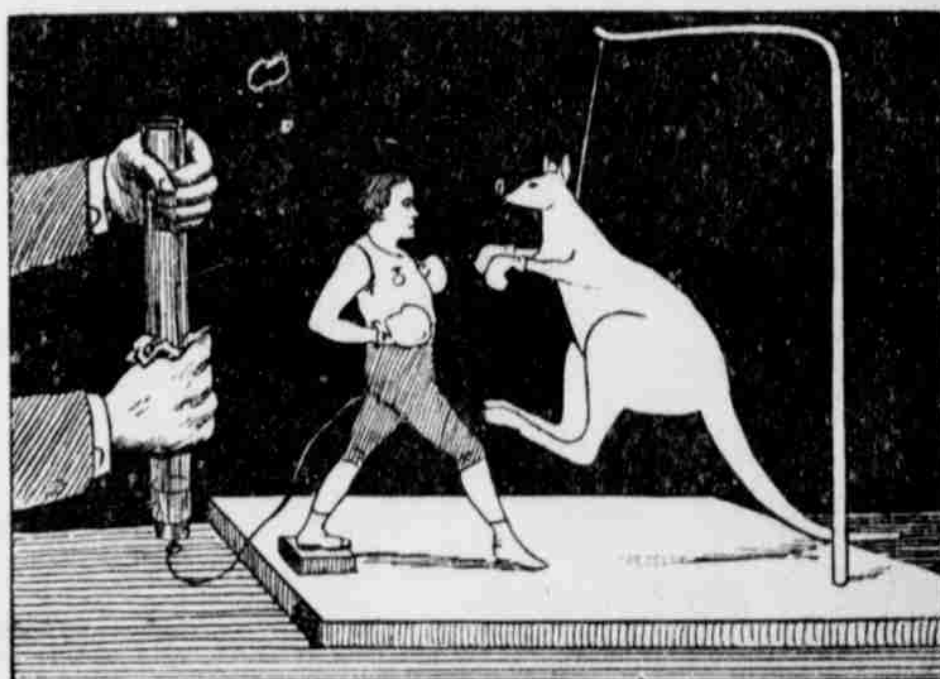
Shark with a Big Mouth.

A large specimen of the fish known as the angel shark was recently captured with a hand line at Felixstowe, England. It had an eight-inch mouth, with three rows of teeth.

Uncle Reuben Says.

De only good thing about a mortgage am de fact dat yo' don't need any clock in de house to hurry along de time. —Detroit Free Press.

HOME-MADE BOXING KANGAROO



SOME years ago a boxing kangaroo appeared in the theaters with immense success. Here is one that you can make for yourself and that costs nothing to feed. He is cut out of thin paper covered with tinfoil on the side away from the spectators and hung by the neck to a sort of gallows, as the picture shows. The human boxer may be made of cardboard. His invisible side is also covered with tinfoil and down one of his legs runs a wire, the end of which is pressed into a lump of wax or sealing wax on a wooden platform. Neither the wire nor the boxer's other foot should touch the floor. To this wire is attached a long fine wire, which ends in a nail driven into a cork. The cork is fitted into the end of a glass tube (a lamp chimney, for example) which is held in the hand and rubbed with a silk handkerchief or a bit of fur.

Now the fun begins. The kangaroo springs forward, hits his antagonist, is violently repelled as if by a blow, returns for the charge, and so the combat goes on as long as you rub the tube. This is an electrical trick, you see. The electricity produced by rubbing the glass is conveyed by the wire to the human boxer. He is therefore electrified and consequently attracts the light swinging kangaroo, which promptly comes forward and hits him. But as it does so the kangaroo itself becomes charged with electricity, and is therefore repelled, and stays away until its electricity leaks off over the cotton thread around its neck, when it makes a fresh attack.

It is an amusing plaything and easy to make, says the Brooklyn Eagle. The glass and the handkerchief should be warmed over the register or before the fire to make them perfectly dry.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : K.Y.

LOVE'S INSTINCT

By JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

HOWARD MARSH, author and journalist, acknowledged that he was about to undertake a foolish quest, and that most of his friends would accuse him of having something lacking in his mental machinery if they should happen to hear of it. He acknowledged it to Trask, the city editor, who was silent and pensive and rather a dull fellow on the whole, to his way of thinking, though he rather liked to talk to him at times because he listened so well. He acknowledged it again to little Miss Barbara Scott, who had passed the hey-day of young girlhood, one would say, and whom Marsh found to be a nice little old maid enough, and quiet, as old maids ought to be.

Trask had gone on smoking very calmly, after his disclosure, and it was only after a long pause that he had remarked dryly:

"So you are going down into the backwoods to find a genius! And she doesn't want to be found! How will you know her when you find her?"

But it was to Miss Barbara that he said, without reserve:

"You know, Miss Barbara—you won't mind my sitting here in the gallery, will you?—well, I am quite sure I would know her the very minute I saw her or heard her voice. Absurd, isn't it?—to have fallen in love with—a mind, one might say. But from the time I read 'The Cross of Fire' I knew that I must find the author. And everything she has written since has appealed to me in such a way—there is such tenderness, such insight—something so elusive, as though one had caught a glimpse of a Dryad in the woods—and I simply am going to find her, you know. It was beastly mean in the publisher not to give me her name, but I did find out that she lived in this part of the



"AN AWFULLY SWEET VOICE, MISS BARBARA."

world—strange that she writes under that name—Oread—isn't it? Well, I am going to stay out here and look into every face in the country until I find her. You may laugh—I fancy I saw you smiling—but I think I shall know her."

He had told Miss Barbara the same story several times since he came to the Glen and secured board with Miss Barbara's mother. Miss Barbara sighed a little, and was thinking more, doubtless, of the next day's work in the little brown schoolhouse over the hill than of his quest for the Oread whom he would be sure to know.

The next day he came back with fishing rod and empty basket, but with alert step and jubilant eye.

"I have caught a glimpse of the new Miss Bledsoe," he said, "the one who been away from home. Her name isn't it? I have seen Miss Sarah d have half-way believed that she had written 'The Cross of Fire' a cultivated girl, you the house is filled with ally must be one or the edoes—they are almost the other people I have quite incapable of it. —well, she is a very now—not what you ty at all. And this ful—I have heard so I saw that she was extraordinary, you

I looked up from the ises she was correct- ay and now she bent

ful," she said, half-ab- pleasure merely to sit even in a glimpse," y, wouldn't it be lif all that beauty ith such talent? with all that in it, and such bat my quest is a. Somehow I

have a kind of instinct that—that I need not go any further."

The only drawback to Mr. Marsh's happiness lay in the fact that he could not well go to the beautiful Miss Bledsoe and say: "I know that you are the 'Oread' who wrote 'The Cross of Fire'." The shy woodland spirit who and so carefully hidden herself away could not have her secret uncovered to the light of day in such a manner as that—but no matter—he would know. He would see her face to face very soon—perhaps to-morrow—and when he looked into her eyes and heard her speak he would know.

After that Miss Barbara heard the story from day to day. He always came in as she worked over the exercises late in the evening—there seemed to be never an end to those exercises—or sometimes it was later, and he found her resting in the gallery under the balsam vines.

"I am more sure of her every day," he said once. "Have you ever noticed what a soft voice she has?—an awfully sweet voice, Miss Barbara. And she is of just that shy, reserved kind—a true woodland spirit. Miss Sarah is quiet, too—but I don't think it can be Miss Sarah, do you, Miss Barbara? It is almost sure to be one or the other of them—I am positive of that—and it doesn't seem to me that Miss Sarah is possible."

"If Miss Sarah were beautiful there would be two possibilities," said Miss Barbara with a little smile; "and that would lead to a great deal of irresolution and complicate your decision."

He flushed uneasily.

"But the other one is beautiful," he said. "And I am sure she is the one."

At the end of the week he was given to silence, and instead of sitting in the gallery and talking with Miss Barbara he was prone to walk up and down the white path in the moonlight. He had reached the point where speech was difficult. Many nights had passed before he paused at the step and looked up at Miss Barbara, sitting in the shadow.

"Are you going to tell me that you have found her?" she asked, without turning her head.

"Yes—I have found her," he said, with a new quality in his voice. "That is—I have found—Eve, I suppose I must have come here for that."

"And she is—the lady of your dreams?" asked Miss Barbara after a little pause.

"She may be," he said. "I don't know. I have forgotten the dreams. The only thing I remember is that I am in love with the most beautiful woman I have ever known."

"What more could one ask," said Miss Barbara. A heap of little papers slipped from her lap as she moved, and he stooped to help her gather them up. "It is nothing but the children's exercises," she murmured. "I have been sitting there—dreaming—you didn't know that I ever dreamed, did you?—and forgot to put them away?"

It was more than six months afterward that Howard Marsh looked in one day upon Trask, sitting in his little den of an office, where the papers were piled high up on every chair. Marsh was just returned from his wedding journey in lands afar, and was a little pale, for he had found the beautiful Eve was at times hard to entertain.

"Glad to see you," said Trask, with a new light in his cold eyes, that took all their coldness away. "Just back from your bridal tour? We didn't take any—but we are very happy, just the same."

"You? You? Are you married?" asked Marsh incredulously.

"Yes—hadn't you heard? 'Oread,' you know—why, of course you know her—Miss Barbara Scott—come around to the house—you and Mrs. Marsh—and renew old acquaintance. By the way, it was that silly talk of yours that put me in the notion to find 'Oread' for myself—knew her the minute I saw her. Much obliged to you I'm sure."

But Howard Marsh had tumbled the papers off a chair and was sitting there, laughing—a laugh that somehow was lacking in most of the elements of mirth.

Close Calls in Boer War.

Fantastic escapes from death were by no means uncommon features of the Boer war. There was exhibited some time ago in the museum of the Royal United Service institution one of Queen Victoria's chocolate boxes, in the lid of which is still deeply imbedded a Mauser bullet. To that same collection there has just been added an even more remarkable relic. This is a silver cigarette-holder case, which was struck by a bullet at a distance of 1,200 yards while it was in the pocket of a captain of the Imperial Yeomanry. The curious part about it is that the officer was not aware until afterward that he had been struck, although the bullet also pierced the sovereign purse and cigarette case which he was carrying in the same pocket.—London News.

A floral clock with a dial 100 feet in diameter will be one of the features of the St. Louis exposition.

NEVER SAW SUCH LARGE YIELDS.

The Climate Is Healthy—The Win- ters Are Pleasant in Western Canada.

Writing from Stirling, Alberta, to one of the agents representing the Canadian Government Free Home- stead Lands, Mr. M. Pickrell, formerly of Beechwood, Kentucky, says of Western Canada:

"In the first place we will say that the summer season is just lovely indeed. As to the winter, well we never experienced finer weather than we are now enjoying. We have just returned from Northern Alberta and will say that we found the weather to be very mild, the air dry, fresh and invigorating. Considering everything we can say that the winters here are most pleasant, healthy and enjoyable to what they are in the States. Here it gets cold and continues so till Spring—there are no disagreeable winds. In South Alberta it is some warmer—two to four inches of snow may fall and in a few hours a Chinook wind comes along, evaporating the entire snow, leaving terra-firma perfectly dry. In fact, we did not believe this part until we came and saw for ourselves and we now know what we herein write to be just as we write it. There has not been a day this winter that I could not work out doors. Farmers here are calculating on starting the plough the first of March.

"As to farm wages, we would not advise a man to come here with the expectation of living by his day's work, but all who do want a home I advise to have nerve enough to get up and come for there never has been, and may never be again, such a grand opportunity for a man to get a home almost free.

"As to the crops, I have been in the fields before harvest, saw the grass put up and the grain harvested, and I never saw such large yields. I saw oats near Edmonton over six feet tall that yielded 80 bushels per acre, and I talked to a farmer near St. Albert who had a field year before last that averaged 110 bushels per acre, and weighed 43 pounds to the bushel. All other crops would run in proportion—as to potatoes and vegetables, the turnout was enormous. I have such reports as the above from all sections that I have visited, and that has been every community between the Edmonton district and Raymond in the Lethbridge district.

"As to stock raising, I would advise a man to locate in this place, or any place, in South Alberta, but for mixed farming, I would say go up farther north, say near Lacombe, Wetaskiwin or Edmonton, where it is not quite so dry and where there is some timber to be had. I will say that nowhere have I ever seen a better opportunity for a man, whether he has money or not, to obtain a home. Nowhere can be found a more productive soil, better water and a better governed country than Western Canada affords. Inducements to the homeseeker are unexcelled. I met two men near Ponoka on the G. & E. R. R., who borrowed the money to pay for their homestead and in four years those two men sold their farms—one for \$2,500, the other for \$3,000. I met a man near Wetaskiwin who landed here with 25 cents six years ago. He is now worth \$8,000. The advantages for ranching are excellent, in fact I do not believe this section can be beat. Markets are good; as to living, a family can live as cheap here as they can in the States. The average yield of oats in this neighborhood, last year, was 70 bushels, per acre; wheat averaged 35, barley 40, and the beet crop was good. In consequence of the successful cultivation of the beet, a large beet sugar factory is being erected at Raymond, seven miles from here.

"In conclusion, I will say that N. W. T. from Manitoba to a long distance north of Edmonton produces most wonderful crops. Lakes and rivers abound with fish, and game is plentiful. And that this is unquestionably the country for a man to come to if he desires to better his condition in life. I would advise the prospective settler to look over the Lethbridge, Lacombe, Wetaskiwin and Edmonton districts before locating.

"I will locate in the Edmonton district next Fall and several families from the States will locate with me. In the meantime, I will receive my mail here and will be pleased to give the interested all the information desired."

For information as to Railway Rates, etc., apply to any agent of the Canadian Government whose names appear elsewhere in this paper.

Great Expectations.

Her Former Mistress (admirably)—He certainly is a bright baby, Norah. I expect he will make his mark some day.

Mrs. Mulcaughy (fondly)—Sure, ma'am, an' we expect he'll be able to do more than make his mark—we want him to be able to write his name!—N. Y. Times.

RECORDED IN OLD HEMLOCK.

Interesting Tale of an Unknown Wisconsin Stream Told by a Buried Beaver Dam.

Not long ago John Rivers, one of the oldest guides in the Wisconsin north woods, thought he needed some clay with which to reink his log cabin. The spring thaw had taken out much of the clay and the raw winds of April were coming through the cracks and blowing the blankets off him at night, relates the New York Sun.

He took a spade and went to a piece of marshy land in the western part of Vilas county, and, wading out into the bog, began to dig. He went down five feet without striking any clay, but found timber and took some of it up to examine it.

He brought up several pieces. They were of a uniform length of five feet and three inches thick at the butts. They had once been hemlock saplings.

Each end of each piece showed the marks of beaver cuttings. The grooves made by the sharp front teeth were as plain as when they were made ages ago.

Rivers is all right on bear, wolves and deer, but no great shakes as a geologist. He took some of the timbers to Minocqua and asked for expert opinion. He got a lot of opinion, but not any of it expert. The general notion was that the beavers had done the cutting anywhere from 5,000 to 50,000 years ago.

In the western part of Vilas county there is no made land except swamp or marsh-land. This is made by slow washings from the hills, which, in this instance, were quite a mile away. How long it took the rains and melting snows to carry down the dirt from the hills and build five feet of earth above the top timbers of the ancient beaver dam, no man can say. It took a long time.

The wood when the guide dug it up was apparently as solid as a rock; in fact, seemed to be semi-petrified. It stayed hard for more than 24 hours. Then it began to dry and crumble.

In two days it was so soft that it could be broken by a pinch of the fingers. In three days it was as rotten as any above-ground punk, and in less than a week it had gone into dry dust.

That was a great country for beaver as late as 30 years ago. The government established a Chippewa Indian reservation near there, however, and that meant the death of the beavers and of everything else that was not swift enough to get out of the way, for Indians herded on a reservation destroy every estate or sellable thing within reach in and out of season. There has been no beaver trapping to speak of in the Lac du Flambeau waters for 20 years.

Rivers, moved by curiosity, has made some subsequent diggings in the marsh, enough to show the extent and direction of the dam, which was a big one, evidently obstructing the waters of a considerable stream of which not a vestige remains.

AUTOMOBILE EYE DISEASE.

Fast Riding Without Goggles Results in Most Distressing Affection.

Few people yet realize the risks to which unprotected eyes are subjected by fast riding in automobiles. It is generally supposed that goggles are worn to exclude particles of grit, which would irritate, but not seriously injure, the eye. Prof. A. Edward Davis calls attention, however, to another and a more important reason for carefully shielding these organs when moving rapidly in an open vehicle, says the New York Tribune.

One of the most common diseases of the eye is conjunctivitis, or inflammation of the conjunctiva, which is the mucous membrane lining the lids, socket and ball of the eye. When inflammation sets in the blood vessels of this membrane become badly congested, and much time, patience and self-restraint are needed to insure recovery. One form of the disorder, says Dr. Davis, is produced by the concussion of the air combined with the chilling effect of the wind. He indicates symptoms by which it differs from other varieties. The inflammation is deeper seated, reaching the eyeball rather than the lid, and the discharge is more watery than in the ordinary type.

Owing to the fact that conjunctivitis lingers vexatiously, and returns on slight provocation, riding in automobiles should be prohibited unless close-fitting goggles are worn. The safeguard should be adopted, too, before any trouble appears. It is easier to persuade men than women to use them, but both sexes are subject to the disease. The preservation of their eyesight is presumably as important to one as to the other.

A Comfort.

Mrs. Flynn—It must hav bin a great blow when Dinny died, Mrs. Murphy.

Mrs. Murphy—Yis; but Oi r-remembered we are all in the hands av an unshrupulous providence.—Judge.

CALLED IT A BATTLE SONG.

It May Have Been an "Ave Maria," But the Painter Couldn't Think So.

Guests at musical parties are not commonly expected to be especially attentive. They may talk to any extent, dependent largely on the amiability of their hostess. But the conduct of a foreign painter in New York surprised his hostess the other night. It also surprised the guests at this entertainment given in his honor. He was seated in the front row, and was the most conspicuous person in the room next to the popular contralto, who had just begun to sing. Before she had finished the first verse the guest of honor arose, walked to his hostess, said goodnight, and prepared to leave, relates the New York Sun.

"But you won't go now, in the midst of her song," said the hostess. "It is an 'Ave Maria.' It would embarrass her terribly." By this time all eyes were turned on the painter, but he seemed quite indifferent. "She may call it an 'Ave Maria,'" he said. "I should say it was a battle song."

With that comment the painter left the house. He has not been allowed to enter it again.

"They Waited" and "Saw."

Warren's Corners, N. Y., April 20th.—"Wait and see—you're better now, of course, but the cure won't last."

This was what the doctors said to Mr. A. B. Smith, of this place. These doctors had been treating him for years, and he got no better. They thought that nothing could permanently cure him. He says:

"My kidneys seemed to be so large that there wasn't room for them, and at times it seemed as if ten thousand needles were running through them. I could not sleep on my left side for years, the pain was so great in that position I had to get up many times to urinate, and my urine was sometimes clear and white as spring water, and again it would be high colored and would stain my linen. The pain across my back was awful. I was ravenously hungry all the time. "After I had taken Dodd's Kidney Pills for four days my kidneys pained me so bad I could hardly sit down. On the morning of the fifth day I felt some better, and the improvement continued till I was completely cured.

As this was months ago, and I am still feeling splendid, I know that my cure was permanent and genuine."

A Barber.

"What have you in the way of beefsteak to day?" asked the cheerful customer, who hadn't paid his bill.

"Well," replied the frank butcher, "I reckon about the only thing in the way is its price."—Baltimore News.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callus, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Ecclesiastical.

Church—Do you think he is a well-proportioned man?

Gotham—No; his lungs are away out of proportion to his brains.—Yonkers Statesman.

Tired of It—Visitor—"O, what a nice parrot you've got! Pretty Polly! Polly want a cracker?" Parrot—"O, come off! I'm not as green as I look."—Chicago Tribune.

Three trains a day Chicago to California, Oregon and Washington. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Lines.

Every man is the architect of his own character.—Boardman.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color more goods, per package, than others.

The man who admits nothing has nothing to explain.—Chicago Journal.

The more we study the more we discover our ignorance.—Shelley.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price of each box 25c. Purely Vegetable. *Wm. Wood* MANUFACTURED BY

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE

You can buy of us at wholesale prices and save money. Our 1,000-page catalogue tells the story. We will send it upon receipt of 15 cents. Your neighbors trade with us—why not you?

Montgomery Ward & Co. CHICAGO The house that tells the truth.

THE STEADY, SILENT ONES.

The roar of the storm is fierce and loud. It lashes and crashes and rips and tears; The water is dashed against the pane. The world is drenched by the sheets of rain. But after the bustling, what is the gain. What good has been wrought in the world's affairs?

The warm, sweet drizzle that comes along And quietly busies itself all day. Helps the sprouts to push through the soft-ened ground. Lures the buds outside for a peep around. And with never a roar or a fearful sound. Does the work that the loud storm never may.

It isn't the bluster, the noise that counts In fields or out with the busy throng; The boasting man, like the storms that tear And rip and bellow, the world can spare— The steady and silent ones must care. For the good old earth as it rolls along. —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Difference of Opinion

By NELLIE CRAVEN GILLMORE

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

IT WAS well past 11 o'clock when Disbrowe reached his home, but a bright light still gleamed a cheerful welcome through the sitting-room windows. His eyes softened with a quick glow of pleasure as he noted this, transforming his distinctly plain face into momentary beauty. A wave of tenderness swept over his face. "Dear little Violet," he murmured softly, "dear little woman, perhaps after all—" He broke off and ran lightly up the veranda steps.

The one drop lacking to complete the cup of his great, new-found happiness, seemed now, indeed about to be realized. New life was in his blood as he drew out his latch-key and stooping, applied it tremulously to the lock. Surely he had been too exacting—too critical! His hands shook a little as he pushed open the door, but he controlled himself and passed into the corridor. An eager flame leaped to his eyes as he turned them, tentatively, toward the sitting-room. He took a quick step forward, then paused abruptly, a keen shadow of disappointment chasing the joy from his face. The room was empty.

All at once, things grew flat and colorless. In the loneliness of the room, a more complete sense of his own isolation came to him than he had ever before known. He walked mechanically to one of the windows and looked out where the sycamores moved gently in the dapple moon-light.

How placid and beautiful the world might have been, but for one thing.

But there was no longer any excuse to try to close his eyes to the underlying significance of his wife's bearing toward himself, which grew more and more palpable each day. Every nerve seemed to shrink with an indefinable foreboding as the panorama of the past flashed sharply across his brain.

After awhile he drew a deep breath and his hand went involuntarily to his pocket, resting there lingeringly, with a sort of regretful affection. For an instant, a look of gratified pride stole over his rugged features as his fingers closed tenderly over the precious letter that had that day brought him tidings of fame and fortune. Then with a gesture of quick loathing, he jerked them back and turned from the window. What mattered it? Fame, success, wealth—everything, all seemed but a mockery when the very heart within him was shriveling to the core.

With a sigh he sought his sleeping-room, taking off his clothes in a half-dazed fashion that betrayed the mastery of some terrible emotion. He was exhausted after the day's strain and soon dropped into a restless slumber. Toward dawn, he was dimly conscious of footsteps on the veranda; there was a buzz of voices, then his wife's low laugh broke musically on the still air and he fell into a profound sleep that lasted till morning.

Dawn broke gradually into a perfect day. Violet Disbrowe sat watching the brilliant streaks of sunlight that trembled through the breakfast-room window. At the sound of someone approaching, she lifted the paper in her lap with a sudden assumption of interest. Presently she glanced up into her husband's face, a look of apprehension that was almost fear, leaping to her eyes as they encountered his. They were dull and sunken and his face bore a startling pallor. He made some casual remark and his wife replied in kind, after which a constrained silence ensued.

After awhile, Violet glanced furtively toward her husband and her lip curled faintly. "And that man is my husband," she reflected with a shiver, "I belong to him!" mentally comparing his rugged exterior to the polished grace of the other men with whom she associated.

Awkwardness was perhaps the one word that best described the whole man. Long, loosely put together, his attenuated legs serving only to

accentuate the first impression of ugliness, he was not rendered more attractive by the clumsiness that emphasized every movement.

The woman was the first to break the silence. "I have asked Jack Wetherell to spend the week with us—you don't mind? He leaves for the front next week and I thought—" She broke off, toying hesitatingly with her coffee-spoon.

A sudden hardness came into Disbrowe's face. He rose sharply and pushed back his chair. His wife glanced up quickly, a strange uneasiness stealing over her because of his unusual manner.

"You have no objection, dear?" she urged impatiently, a half contemptuous note on the last word. She looked narrowly at him, but his face was quite unmoved. He had lighted a cigar and was smoking mechanically. "By all means, Violet; entertain anyone you wish in your own home." He stood in an embarrassed fashion by her chair for a second, then quietly left the room.

His wife looked after the receding form with an expression of slow wonder. For the first time in their married life he had not offered to kiss her good-bye at parting! For a moment this show of indifference stung her into swift resentment. But it was merely transient. All thought of the tiresome husband vanished before the image of the man who threatened to bring a shadow into the hitherto blameless home.

That evening with Jack Wetherell seemed strangely short, in contrast to the long, dull hours she was sometimes forced to spend in her husband's society. With what force and cleverness he touched upon the subjects of the day; the latest triumph in the world of art, of literature—the one book especially, about which two worlds were to rave. After the great originator, the great interpreter; and such was Wetherell. His every word was teeming with interest; so different from the rapid discussions with which Disbrowe was wont to regale himself.

By the side of this man's conversation that of her husband's became mere insipid twaddle. The thought that she was the wife of such an one grew more and more intolerable with every hour.

All through the night she tossed feverishly on her pillow, weakly struggling against the invidious shadows that hovered about her. It was near midnight when Disbrowe returned from the office, but she was keenly alive to the sound of his footstep. A nameless apprehension that was almost appalling swept over her. What would the future bring forth?

The week went by on golden wings and Wetherell still lingered. The book of sentimentality, long closed between them, was now fully open to both. Outwardly the time had passed uneventfully, but the first subtle attraction that had drawn the two together was now sprung into fierce life. There was only a wild, insatiate desire to escape from the desperate monotony of her everyday life. To one of her temperament, she argued, a great devotion was necessary; not the slavish devotion of a bungling husband.

THE PRINTING OF BIBLES.

Why the American Bible Society May Only Issue Copies of the King James' Version.

In answer to Unity, a Unitarian paper, of Chicago, which criticizes the American Bible society for not printing the revised version of the Bible, Rev. Dr. Edward P. Ingersoll, secretary of the society, said the other night: "We have printed the Bible in nearly 100 languages and dialects. More than one-half our work is in foreign languages. We print only the King James version in the English language. Why? because our charter, given in 1816, holds us to this version. We are not permitted with the money that has been given us to print any other English version until our charter is changed."

"Wool" from Turf Fibers.

The ingenious Germans are now making "wool" from turf fibers. It is said that recent improvements in the process of treating turf fibers have resulted in the production of a soft material, which can be spun as readily as the wool of the sheep, and which, besides possessing excellent absorbent properties, is capable of being bleached and colored for use in the many different textile industries. Duesseldorf is the center of this new industry and in that city cloth hats, rugs and many other things are being manufactured from turf fiber. The discovery, it is asserted, opens up the prospect of a new industry for Iceland.—Kobe Herald.

Delicate Astronomical Instruments. The astronomer has heat-measuring devices that can detect infinitesimal millions of miles from our earth, and chemical compounds sensitive to light final variations of temperature and indicate the heat of stars distant that our eyes never can see.—Science.

Many a man has very justly gained a reputation for wisdom by just looking wise when everyone else was acting the fool.

but the consuming love of a nature in affinity with her own!

When Disbrowe came home the following night the house was in total darkness. He entered with a dull foreboding preening like a physical burden against his heart. He sat down wearily to rest, all capacity for thought seeming to have gone from his over-charged brain. Presently he turned absently to take up the evening paper. As he did so his keen eye singled out a folded sheet of note paper on the reading table. There was no address; he raised it slowly with hands that shook beyond his control and read:

"My Darling: I am compelled to be away from home this evening, much to my regret. Forgive what must have seemed like neglect for the past few days and believe me, always, Your loving 'Violet.'"

When he had finished reading the note Disbrowe glanced hastily about him; then with a sudden impulse of unspeakable joy he lifted the precious bit of paper and held it fervently to his lips. After all then he had been but a blind, unreasoning fool! He anathematized himself bitterly for the part he had acted, resolving to make atonement in a thousand different ways as long as he lived. For an hour he did not move, unutterably glad of life; unutterably relieved, which was more.

Presently the front door opened and closed softly. He slipped noiselessly into the corridor and seized his wife's hands in his, devouring her face with his eyes. "Dear," he said tremulously, "I found your note and I've counted the hours until your return. I—I have been a brute to you, Violet; say that you forgive me!"

She stared at him incredulously for an instant, then swift comprehension swept over her. He had read the note she had left for Jack Wetherell. There was a momentary feeling of terror, then a sensation of fierce resentment, followed by one of quick revulsion. Her own wrongdoing flashed before her in vivid contrast to this man's trust. At the seeming evidence of one frail fragment of affection on her part he had counted as naught all the slights, neglect, even sneers that had been heaped upon him for another and in that other's presence.

For a long time she was silent, a great thankfulness in her heart for the salvation that had come to her in time. Presently she lifted her hand and laid it gently on her husband's head, noticing now for the first time, the stippling of silver that lay thick among the heavy masses of hair.

"It is I who should ask forgiveness, dear," she whispered. Her lips quivered painfully and a pleading look came into the blue eyes.

Disbrowe laid one of his big hands on her brown curls and laughed away her seriousness. He patted her softly on the cheek and stooping whispered something in her ear.

She looked at him with a startled exclamation. "And you did not tell me," she cried reproachfully. "So you are the wonderful 'incognito,' the rising star on the literary horizon! Oh, Dick, I have married a great man and I am just a little fool."

"Opinions differ," he replied, smiling.

Effect of Lava on Steel Construction.

Metallic construction appears to have had a very low power of resistance during the volcanic eruption at St. Pierre. Not only was it incapable of withstanding the weight of the burning matter, but some chemical action is likely to have taken place which transformed the particles. One of the cases mentioned is the market of St. Pierre. After the cyclone of 1891 the authorities decided to reconstruct it in the most solid manner. Cast iron was adopted. It is now impossible to find the slightest trace of a construction which had an area of 2,000 meters square.—American Architect.

Canadian Soldiers Join Our Army.

Two young Canadian soldiers have discarded the British uniform at Syracuse, N. Y., to make application to wear the Yankee blue. Their names are McIntyre and Rose, and both have seen long service in the British army. One of them wears the Victoria cross, won in the Boer war. They came from Kingston, Ont., where they had been stationed with company B, Kingston battery. At the clothing store where the change of costume took place the soldiers took off their red caps, saluted, kissed the caps, and said, solemnly: "Good-by, old cap, forever."

Strange Youth of Fortune.

A New York young man, Alexander Smith Cochrane, who inherited \$14,000,000 from his uncle, is going to study sociology and try to benefit mankind, which moves the Chicago Record-Herald to say: "How Mr. Harry Lehr and Reggie Vanderbilt must pity a boy like that."

His Mistake.

She (learning poker)—Now, if you held my hand, what would you do? He—Oh! I'd make a bluff that I was holding something good. She—You hawk! thing!—Puck.

It is a curious and also a significant fact that there is no definition of religion in the Bible.



DAY DREAMS.

"When I'm a man," said Johnny, "I'll be a sailor bold, And I'll sail the mighty ocean in search of wealth untold. And I'll build myself a castle with a fearful donjon keep. And I'll have ten thousand vassals who will guard me while I sleep. Then I'll rescue some fair princess from a robber, don't you see? And she will thank me sweetly and say she'll marry me; And when I wed the princess I'll be a king, you know. And I'll have a million subjects who will bow before me low!" But while he was a-dreaming of the time that was to be, The teacher asked him gently the simple rule of three; Then his castle and his kingdom faded into air at once, And the crown that fate decreed him was the tall cap of a dunce. —Ysabel De Witte Kaplan, in St. Nicholas.

CLEVER FOX TERRIER.

He Has Learned So Many Tricks That He Might Almost Be a Circus Performer.

In Jamaica, New York, there lives a very clever little fox terrier dog who might almost be a circus performer, so many tricks has he learned. But his "star performance" is one in which he shares the honors with a tiny Maltese kitten. In fact, it is really the kitten that is the "star." The kitten is dressed in doll's clothes, and submits with much grace while the buttons are fastened and the strings tied. Then the fox terrier is told to "sit up," which he does, without delay, balancing himself on his haunches. Then the kitten baby is laid in his "arms," and both keep perfectly still till the command is given: "Kiss the baby gently."

Then the doggie bends over and kisses kitty. Kitty does not like this a bit, but she submits with good grace, only flattening her ears to show her disapproval. The terrier, however, seems to enjoy it, and kisses kitty's little nose over and over.

The minute the kitty baby is undressed he shows her much less gallantry, for, with a joyous bark, he starts to chase her, and the little bundle of fur leads him a dance all over the house, stopping now and then to arch her back and spit at him furiously.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Flag Has Peculiar Interest.

Gen. Eugene Griffin has in his possession the American flag made by the sailors in Lieut. Gilmore's party out of patches and strips of their clothing after their rescue from the insurgents in the wildest part of Luzon.

LATEST MOUSE TRAP.

Any Boy Can Construct One and Thereby Leave the Old Family Cat Without Occupation.

Years ago cats had a value all their own, according to their ability to rid a house or barn of the rats and mice which infested these buildings, but with the introduction of the automatic trap, the felines may possibly have been the authors of the exclamation recently attributed to the horse when the automobile made its appearance: "My occupation is gone!" However, the cats still have the consolation of being retained as pets, with an occasional mouse as a secondary consideration. The trap has come to stay, and goes on dealing out death to the rodents with as much regularity and faithfulness as the cat was wont to exercise in former times. We show herewith the latest idea in the trap line, which comes to us all the way from Cape Colony. This device is to be suspended from the pantry shelf, and has an opening leading across what looks to be a perfectly safe path to the bait inside the cage. But woe to the mouse or rat which attempts to reach that bait, for the path turns out to be a tilting platform, which at the proper moment swings on its pivots, releases itself, and slides the animal into the water tank beneath. The picture shows the trap doing its cruel work.—Milwaukee Sentinel.



AUTOMATIC MOUSE TRAP.

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An Original Poe Manuscript.

The original manuscript of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Bells" has been sold at auction at Philadelphia for \$2,100. It was part of the Harold Peirce library. The manuscript is a little scorched. It consists of slips of blue paper pasted together, and originally formed a strip eight inches wide and 37½ feet, but it has been divided into three more or less equal parts. It lacks the last fourteen lines of the completed poem, but it is believed that they never formed a part of this sheet.

Great Yellowstone Falls.

The Great falls of the Yellowstone river, in the Yellowstone National park, are more than twice the height of Niagara falls, but the volume of water is not so great.

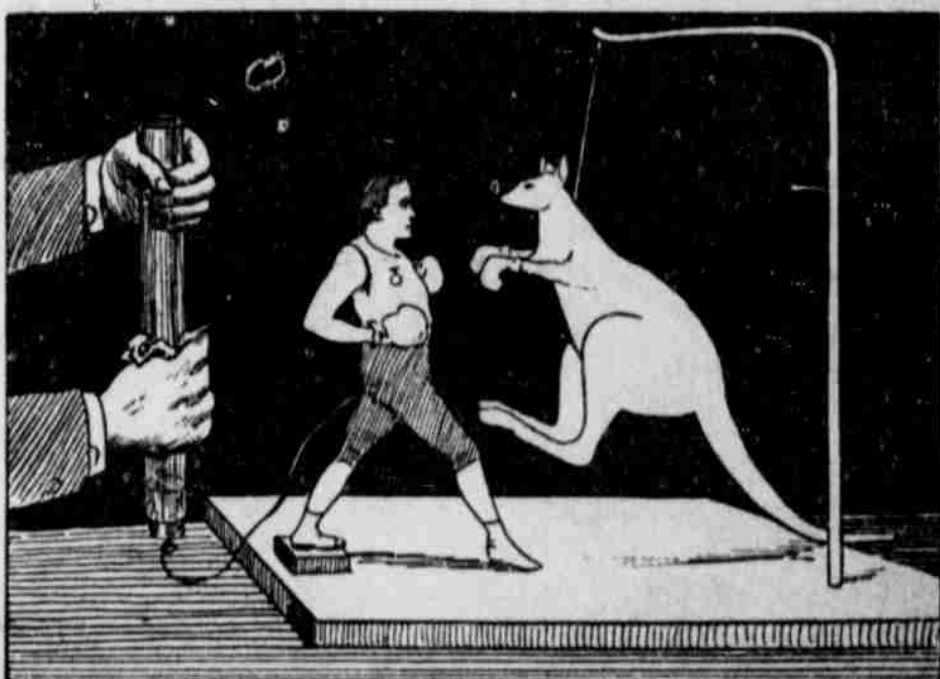
Shark with a Big Mouth.

A large specimen of the fish known as the angel shark was recently captured with a hand line at Felixstowe, England. It had an eight-inch mouth, with three rows of teeth.

Uncle Reuben Says:

De only good thing about a mortgage am de fact dat yo' don't need any clock in de house to hurry along de time.—Detroit Free Press.

HOME-MADE BOXING KANGAROO



SOME years ago a boxing kangaroo appeared in the theaters with immense success. Here is one that you can make for yourself and that costs nothing to feed. He is cut out of thin paper covered with tinfoil on the side away from the spectators and hung by the neck to a sort of gallows, as the picture shows. The human boxer may be made of cardboard. His invisible side is also covered with tinfoil and down one of his legs runs a wire, the end of which is pressed into a lump of wax or sealing wax on a wooden platform. Neither the wire nor the boxer's other foot should touch the floor. To this wire is attached a long fine wire, which ends in a nail driven into a cork. The cork is fitted into the end of a glass tube (a lamp chimney, for example) which is held in the hand and rubbed with a silk handkerchief or a bit of fur.

Now the fun begins. The kangaroo springs forward, hits his antagonist, is violently repelled as if by a blow, returns for the charge, and so the combat goes on as long as you rub the tube. This is an electrical trick, you see. The electricity produced by rubbing the glass is conveyed by the wire to the human boxer. He is therefore electrified and consequently attracts the light swinging kangaroo, which promptly comes forward and hits him. But as it does so the kangaroo itself becomes charged with electricity, and is therefore repelled, and stays away until its electricity leaks off over the cotton thread around its neck, when it makes a fresh attack.

It is an amusing plaything and easy to make, says the Brooklyn Eagle. The glass and the handkerchief should be warmed over the register or before the fire to make them perfectly dry.

Ayer's A positive specific for bilious fever, malaria, chills and fever, malarial poisoning, malarial debility, malarial Ague Cure dyspepsia, dumb ague.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER. : : : Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY, : May 28, 1903.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Governor.
J. W. O. BECKHAM.
For Lieutenant-Governor.
W. P. THORNE.
For Auditor of State.
S. W. HAGER.
For Treasurer.
H. M. BOSWORTH.
For Attorney General.
N. B. HAYS.
For Secretary of State.
H. V. McCHESNEY.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction.
J. H. FUQUA.
For Commissioner of Agriculture.
HUBERT VREELAND.
For Clerk of Court of Appeals.
J. MORGAN CHINN.

For Representative—51st District.
JUDGE H. F. PIERATT.

MAX O'RELL, the French humorist, is dead, and he died as he lived, having told a humorous story just before the end came. It was he who made THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD famous throughout both Europe and America by what he said in his "Jonathan and His Continent." Just before the summons came he reiterated what he had so often said about the American people, viz., That he loved them. In the publication referred to he certainly paid America the grandest compliment ever uttered by any writer as he referred to our school system, and as he learned to know our people his affection for them grew. He was a lovable character, and the world was better that he had lived in it. Max O'Rell was only a nom de plume, his real name being Paul Blouet. Alas, we shall never see nor hear his like again. Peace to his soul.

The Oil Boom at Campton.

Some time ago THE HERALD noted the fact that the well sunk on the Si Cabell farm, near Campton, according to the opinions of experts, was the best show for oil that had been put down in Kentucky. Since that time other experts have expressed the same view, and better than the opinion of oil men is the producing capacity of the well. Saturday, Saturday night, and Sunday the well was pumped at intervals, and it verified all opinions and demonstrated a capacity of from 250 to 350 barrels per day. This, it will be remembered, was the first well put down in our county. One other well has been sunk near Campton, but it has so far proved of little practical value as a producer. The drillers claim it will be all right as soon as it is "shot." The Si Cabell well has also a large amount of gas, and in pumping it this shows in spurts to such an extent as to interfere with the pumping. Beside the capacity of the well, which is perhaps superior to any in Kentucky, is the quality of the oil, which is a very superior article. Truly we are glad that the people of Campton are so fortunate in their find, as it is only further evidence of what we have always maintained, that in time the mountains of Eastern Kentucky would produce more wealth than the balance of the State, and we are proud that the county of our adoption is one among the first to become a producer. From time to time we will give the produce of this well per diem, and from the information we have at hand we think it is one of which the people of Wolfe can always be proud.

The Kidneys and the Skin.

If the kidneys are weak or torpid, the skin will be pimply or blotchy. Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens and stimulates the kidneys, and clears the complexion. By thoroughly purifying the blood it makes good health.


Mr. Wm. Clarke, a native of Omaru, New Zealand, but now a Christian minister at Lexington, Ky., will begin a protracted meeting at Daysboro Sunday, June 14th. Bro. Clarke will be assisted by W. B. Blakemore, of Lexington. Prof. Cord will preach at Daysboro the first Sunday in June.

Mrs. Oldfield, who is now living with her son, George, on Grassy, is very ill. She dislocated her hip joint some time ago, and ever since has been on the decline. Her age, 84 years, militates against her recovery, and her closest relatives and friends fear that the end is not far away.

Later.—Mrs. Oldfield died at 2 o'clock Tuesday morning.

In a fire at Carlisle a few days since Rev. F. M. Tinder, who a short time since delivered a series of lectures at the Christian Church in this place, was severely burned while trying to extinguish the flames. It will be remembered that he was recently called to the church at that place. His friends here extend their sympathy in his misfortune, and hope no serious results will follow.

Prof. Cord leaves today for Winchester, where he will deliver an address on "The Mountain Problem" before the district convention of the C. W. B. M., composed of the counties of Fayette, Clark, Madison, Montgomery, and other blue grass counties. At the same meeting he will make an appeal for funds to build a dormitory for the Academy, and one that will be a credit to that institution.



Constipation is nothing more than a clogging of the bowels and nothing less than vital stagnation or death if not relieved. If every constipated sufferer could realize that he is allowing poisonous filth to remain in his system, he would soon get relief. Constipation invites all kind of contagion. Headaches, biliousness, colds and many other ailments disappear when constipated bowels are relieved. Theodor's Black-Draught thoroughly cleans out the bowels in an easy and natural manner without the purging of calomel or other violent cathartics.

Be sure that you get the original Theodor's Black-Draught, made by The Chattanooga Medicine Co. Sold by all druggists in 25 cent and \$1.00 packages.

Morgan, Ark., May 25, 1901.
I cannot recommend Theodor's Black-Draught too highly. I keep it in my house all the time and have used it for the last ten years. I never gave my children any other laxative. I think I could never be able to work without it on account of being troubled with constipation. Your medicine is all that keeps me up.
C. B. McFARLAND.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

From the premises of Mrs. Rebecca Swango, near Maytown, Morgan county, on Sunday night, May 17, 1903.

A LIGHT BAY HORSE,

About 16 hands high, snip nose and upper lip, slightly crestfallen; one white hind foot, 1 1/2 or 2 inches above hoof; a few white hairs in mane and tail. He is 9 or 10 years old, paces and goes round-and-walk under saddle, but trots in harness; works anywhere.

A liberal reward will be paid for his return to me at Salyersville, Magoffin county, or information enabling me to get him.
DR. M. C. KASH,
Salyersville, Ky.

DR. F. C. BAKES,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,

Will answer all calls, and may be found at the Day House, when not professionally engaged.

THE NEW STORE

At DAYSBORO, Ky.

Is just now in receipt of a line of Ladies' and Gentlemen's

FOOTWEAR

Never excelled in Eastern Kentucky, and at no time equaled in the mountains. And the great beauty is that we can and will sell lower than anybody.

HARDWARE AND TINWARE.

Have also been added to our stock, and the same low prices rule throughout. When you want best goods, and want to make \$1.00 buy \$2.00 worth, here is the place.

C. MORRIS & CO.

Watch this space and save money.

FARMS FOR SALE OR RENT!

Business locations secured in growing towns in Oklahoma and Indian Territories. Town and City property remarkably cheap. The "Great Southern and Frisco Rail Road Systems" give the most direct route and the best facilities for reaching Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

Special Rates First and Third Tuesdays in April.

ADDRESS

Kentucky, Oklahoma, I. T. Land and Townsite Co.,

P. O. Box 341, or call at office 54 1/2 E. Short Street,

LEXINGTON, KY.

A few remaining shares of stock for sale at \$10 per share. A large dividend is assured.

JULIUS EDWIN WRIGHT, President.

C. F. ONEY, Secretary. L. ROBINSON, Treasurer.

W. R. CRAWFORD & CO.,

Live Stock Commission Merchants

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Cattle, Hogs & Sheep,

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We have an Eastern outlet for all desirable stock at highest prices. Consignment solicited. All correspondence cheerfully answered.

J. R. PHILLIPS,
LEE CITY, KENTUCKY.
Practical Barber and Hair Dresser.

Everything up-to-date. Public patronage solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.





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NEATLY, CHEAPLY AND
PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT
THIS OFFICE, AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES.



Lexington and Eastern Railway.
Time Table in Effect October 19, 1902.

EAST BOUND.

No. 2, Daily, ex. Sunday.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	No. 4, Daily, ex. Sunday.
P.M. Lve.				A.M. Lve.
2 25 pm	0	Lexington	0	7 45 am
3 19 pm	20	Winchester	20	8 25 am
3 56 pm	40	Clay City	40	9 13 am
4 06 pm	44	Stanton	44	9 23 am
4 35 pm	57	Nat. Bridge	57	9 54 am
4 49 pm	62	Torment	62	10 08 am
5 11 pm	70	Beatty's Jc.	70	10 29 am
6 11 pm	90	O&K Junction	90	11 26 am
6 15 pm	94	Jackson	94	11 30 am

WEST BOUND.

No. 1, Daily, ex. Sunday.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	No. 3, Daily, ex. Sunday.
A.M. Arr.				P.M. Arr.
10 10 am	0	Jackson	0	6 05 pm
9 25 am	20	Beatty's Jc.	20	5 20 pm
8 37 am	40	Torment	40	4 39 pm
8 28 am	44	Nat. Bridge	44	4 30 pm
8 01 am	57	Clay City	57	4 01 pm
7 47 am	62	L & E Junction	62	3 47 pm
7 26 am	70	Winchester	70	2 30 pm
6 29 am	90	Lexington	90	2 25 pm
6 25 am	94		94	

O. & K. BRANCH.

EAST BOUND.

No. 33, Daily, ex. Sunday.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	No. 21, Daily, ex. Sunday.
3 30	0	Jackson	0	11 20
3 35	6	O&K Junction	6	11 26
4 17	11	Wilhurst	11	11 52
4 30	13	Hampton	13	11 58
5 10	20	Lee City	20	12 22
5 18	22	Helechawa	22	12 28
5 45	27	Cannel City	27	12 45
P.M. ARR.				P.M. ARR.

WEST BOUND.

No. 34, Daily, ex. Sunday.	Miles.	STATIONS.	Miles.	No. 22, Daily, ex. Sunday.
9 15	9	Jackson	9	2 35
9 10	6	O&K Junction	6	2 30
8 28	11	Wilhurst	11	1 58
8 15	13	Hampton	13	1 52
7 35	20	Lee City	20	1 28
7 26	22	Helechawa	22	1 22
7 00	27	Cannel City	27	1 05
A.M. LVE.				P.M. LVE.

Nos. 3 and 4 make close connection for Cannel City and points on Ohio and Kentucky Railway Division, daily except Sunday.

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at L. & E. Junction with Chesapeake and Ohio for Mt. Sterling and local points.

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at Beattyville Junction with L. & A. for Beattyville, daily except Sunday.

J. R. BARR, Gen'l Manager.
CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

OIL!

The Hazel Green Oil and Gas Co.,
(INCORPORATED)

Is now ready to do business. Home office Hazel Green, Ky.

More than 7500 acres of most desirable lands.

A definite amount of the capital stock has been set apart for sale for development purposes. All stock full paid and non-assessable.

For particulars call on the president, John M. Rose, or the secretary, Wm. H. Cord

GAS

REDUCED RATES

TO
THE GREAT SOUTHWEST.

On the first and third Tuesdays of each month, special homeseekers' and colonist rates are effective from St. Louis and Kansas City to points in Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas, via the



For round-trip tickets the rate is one fare plus two dollars; and for single trip tickets, one-half fare plus two dollars.

GET YOUR NOTEHEADS, Envelopes, Letterheads, Catalogues, Sale Bills, &c., printed at HERALD office.

WANTED.—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly cash salary of \$18.00 paid by check each Wednesday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Manager, 340 Caxton Building, Chicago.

THE HERALD.

Impaired Digestion

May not be all that is meant by *dyspepsia* now, but it will be if neglected. The uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, sourness of the stomach, and disagreeable belching may not be very bad now, but they will be if the stomach is suffered to grow weaker.

Dyspepsia is such a miserable disease that the tendency to it should be given early attention. This is completely overcome by

Hood's Sarsaparilla
which strengthens the whole digestive system

Commencement week May 29 to June 3, 1903.

When school closes what shall we do? Oh, yes, drill for oil; start a boom

Bring or send \$1 and get THE HERALD and Courier-Journal for 12 months.

Dr. Center reports the birth of son, July 19th, to the wife of Isaac Stidham.

From all indications many visitors will be in town during the week of commencement.

Granville Bailey's wife, of Stillwater, died on Saturday and was buried at Campton Sunday.

Catch on to this quick—THE HERALD and the Courier-Journal both for 12 months for only \$1.00.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Mrs. Lee Hall, who has been here under treatment by Dr. Center, left for her home at Maytown on Monday.

James Gardner, representing Abney Barnes Co., Charleston, W. Va., was at the Day House the first of the week.

THE KIDNEYS are strengthened and toned by Hood's Sarsaparilla—it cures all their ailments, pains in the loins and **THE BACKACHE**.

J. T. Gevedon returned Saturday from a trip, including Olive Hill, Morehead, etc., which was a phenomenally successful one.

See ad "Strayed or Stolen," which will be found in this paper, and if you can find the horse you will be paid for its perusal.

Rev. John Barker and Mr. Rose will preach at Rose Chapel, on Lacy Creek, on Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. Everybody invited.

From a Cat Scratch

On the arm, to the worst sort of a burn, sore or boil, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is a quick cure. In buying Witch Hazel Salve, be particular to get DeWitt's—this is the salve that heals without leaving a scar. A specific for blind bleeding, itching and protruding piles

South Coldiron and Harlan Trimble, of this town, challenge the world on music. For further information apply at this office.

Roy I. Neal, nephew of Mrs. Wm. H. Cord, who is a Junior in Kentucky University, will spend his vacation in Southern California.

WANTED.—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly cash salary of \$15.00 paid by check each Wednesday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Manager, 340 Caxton Building, Chicago. 3442

Prof. E. P. Greene, who was first assistant teacher in Hazel Green Academy last year, died at Lexington, May 23d, of typhoid fever.

Miss Virginia Ingram, a daughter of Jasper Ingram, near Maytown, died at the residence of her father on Friday last, and was buried Sunday.

The night entertainments at the Academy will be pay—except Friday night. The small admission charged goes towards defraying actual expenses incurred.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hatcher*

The Salmagundi Club will give the play, "Victims of the Bottle," on Wednesday night, June 3d. Proceeds will be used to swell the Cottage Fund. You should see it.

Mr. Wine, of Cloverport, the gentleman who organized a lodge of Maccabees here some weeks ago, and has since been a sojourner among us, left for Campton Monday morning.

Helps to Health.

Some people take medicine to keep them well. Others appreciate the value of good groceries. Ours are health-satisfying and reliable. Your patronage appreciated. Give me a call.

HENRY J. CECIL,
Hazel Green, Ky.

Dr. Will Lockhart, the dentist, who was the guest of Dentist Harlan Stamper from Friday until Monday, left on that morning for Caney, where he is professionally engaged this week.

Are you thinking of going west—to Oklahoma or Indian Territory, for instance? If so, call at this office and we will furnish you cut-rate transportation. "A dollar saved is a dollar made," you know.

One dollar pays for THE HERALD and the Courier-Journal for 12 months. How any man, woman or child, old enough to read, can fail to take in this combination is more than we can tell.

The telephone line between Mt. Sterling and this place is being overhauled from "end to end," and when completed will be strictly an A1 line. New boxes, new poles, and new wire are among the improvements.

NOTICE.—All claims against the estate of Mrs. Rosaline Linden, deceased, must be properly proven and presented to me on or before July 1, 1903, or they will be barred. J. CAESAR LINDEN, Administrator.

H. D. Clark, minister of Christian Church, Mt. Sterling, will deliver the address before the graduates of H. G. A. on Wednesday, June 3d, at 11 o'clock a. m. His subject will be "The True, the Beautiful, the Good."

Monday, June 1, the Jackson Base Ball team will play the H. G. A. nine at Hazel Green. An exciting game is looked for, and everybody should turn out to cheer the home boys. Game will begin at 3:30 p. m.

Dr. Harve Stamper and Circuit Court Clerk Rich Hollon spent Sunday in our town and they were both very enthusiastic about the enterprises of Campton, notably the Si Cabell oil well and the Traders' Bank, and we see where they are right in doing so.

The C. W. B. M. Auxiliary will give an ice cream and strawberry supper after the play on Wednesday night, June 3d. Every citizen should liberally patronize these good women. In helping them you help the National C. W. B. M., that has done so much for our people. Help these women.

SHYLOCK

Shylock was the man who wanted a pound of human flesh. There are many Shylocks now, the convalescent, the consumptive, the sickly child, the pale young woman, all want human flesh and they can get it—take Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion is flesh and blood, bone and muscle. It feeds the nerves, strengthens the digestive organs and they feed the whole body.

For nearly thirty years Scott's Emulsion has been the great giver of human flesh.

We will send you a couple of ounces free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
5c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Examinations are on in earnest this week at the Academy, and some would-be students are being "pitched." The time for hard work was during the past weeks of the term. Too many wait too long. "Too late" never won any victories.

Prof. Milton Elliott, of Lexington, will arrive here Friday afternoon and will deliver the address before graduates of the Commercial department of H. G. A. that evening. Everybody should hear him. His subject will be "The Educated Business Man."

The X-Rays.

Recent experiments, by practical tests and examination with the aid of the X-ray, established it as a fact that Catarrh of the Stomach is not a disease of itself, but that it results from repeated attacks of indigestion. "How Can I Cure My Indigestion?" Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is curing thousands. It will cure you of indigestion and dyspepsia, and prevent or cure Catarrh of the stomach. Kodol digests what you eat—makes the stomach sweet.

James B. Cecil, of our town, is a fair modern representative of Job of Biblical fame, except that instead of boils Mr. Cecil is suffering from rheumatism. His feet and hands are swollen almost to bursting, and the pain is so excruciating that at times, physically strong as he is, he can scarcely bear it. He has tried all the panaceas known to physicians but without avail, and patiently endures what he can not help.

Inadvertently we have until now failed to call attention of our readers to the statement of the Farmer's and Traders' Bank, of Campton, but now we take pleasure in doing so. It has never been our good fortune to be a banker, and we have to rely upon the knowledge of those who have been for information as to whether a bank is or is not doing a good business. Judging from their statement, a gentleman in our office a few days since, noticing the business the Farmer's and Traders' had done in forty days, remarked that it was the best he had ever known a new bank to do in so short a time, and he has had banking experience. Mr. Drushel, the cashier, is said to be a very affable gentleman, and we commend him and the bank to our people.

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE

All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs. Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles.

Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations Free.

"Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure is the cause of my being alive to-day. I had suffered greatly of kidney disease for years and reduced in weight to 120 pounds. I now weigh 165 pounds."

W. H. McUGLIN, Olive Furnace, O.
Druggists, 50c. & \$1. Ask for Cook Book—Free.
ST. VITUS' DANCE. Sure Cure. Circular, Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

The Rittenhouse Ranch.

"Our man about town" on Sunday took a stroll in the vicinity of Hazel Green, including Swango Spring in his itinerary, and was surprised at the improvements in and around this justly famous mineral spring. The first thing to attract his attention was the spring itself, which has been improved by enlarging the basin and making shelving in the rock around, and over all is a substantial stone-house cemented in every joint, so that it is impossible for surface water to find its way into the spring. Above the spring-house Mr. Rittenhouse will have benches under the shade trees, and hammocks swung between the trees, so that visitors can repose in the cool. The house just built contains 12 sleeping rooms, all well ventilated and elegantly furnished, and to this edifice will be attached a large dining room and commodious kitchen. Taken altogether visitors will find comfort in every corner of the confines, and be in a position to get the advantage of our pure mountain air. In brief, everything is up-to-date, and further improvements will be abreast the times.

Born, to the wife of George Cox, Saturday evening, May 23, a boy—Shelly Derthick.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by J. C. Hatcher

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of J. C. Hatcher

NEW YORK.

At 6 months old

35 Doses—35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

THIS SPACE

BELONGS TO

H. F. PIERATT & CO.

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.,

Who carry a larger stock and sell goods cheaper than any other firm in town or in this section. Give them a trial and save money.

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THE NEW YORK WORLD

Thrice-a-Week Edition.

The Most Widely Read Newspaper in America

TIME has demonstrated that the Thrice-a-Week World stands alone in its class. Other papers have imitated its form but none its success. This is because it tells all the news all the time and tells it impartially, whether that news be political or otherwise. It is, in fact, almost a daily at the price of a weekly and you cannot afford to be without it.

Republican and Democrat alike can read the Thrice-a-week World with absolute confidence in its truth.

In addition to news, it publishes first-class serial stories and other features suited to the home and fireside.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers.

We offer this unequalled news-paper and The Herald 1 year, for \$1.50

FARMERS AND TRADERS BANK,

CAMPTON, KY.,

(INCORPORATED.)

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S. S. COMBS, Vice President,
S. G. DRUSHEL, Cashier.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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J. N. VAUGHN, LON ROGERS,
S. G. DRUSHEL, S. S. COMBS,
J. H. STAMPER, JR., G. W. HALSEY.

Statement of first forty days' business.

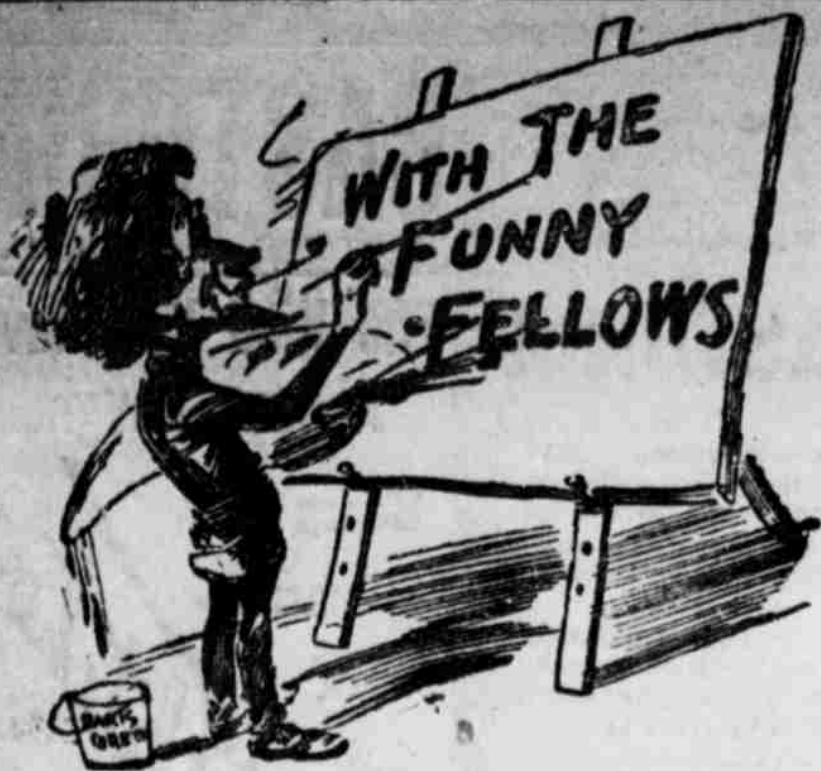
RESOURCES.
Loans and Discounts.....\$10,938 66
Furniture and Fixtures..... 1,563 50
First Nat. Bank Account..... 11,315 42
Unpaid Capital..... 7,500 00
Expense..... 234 50
Cash..... 3,013 48

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock.....\$15,000 00
Earnings..... 500 34
Deposits..... 19,075 22

S. G. DRUSHEL, Cashier.

HERALD JOB PRINTING IS THE BEST, and the cheapest



Ambiguous.

Miss Crochet—Yes, Mr. Squeels seems to be a very nice sort of man; but sometimes he says things that are so queer.

Miss Pedaler—For example?

Miss Crochet—I was saying to him that my Cousin Tom came to hear me play almost every evening, and that Tom was very fond of music, and he said: "And yet he continues to come." I wonder what he could have meant?—Boston Transcript.

Apply Pat.

"What," asks the individual who always is studying conundrums; "what is the difference between a phonograph and a woman?"

"That's easy," asserts a gentleman who has just been compelled to give up all his money for the new-dress demand. "Because you start a phonograph talking by giving it money, and you stop a woman's talk the same way."—Judge.

Something Modestly Wrong.

"Sarah, there is something wrong with the kitchen," said a gentleman, stopping on his way home with his child in his arms.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked the wife, from her warm bed.

"I don't know, but I've got to my sixteenth in my last sermon, and he shows no sign of sleep."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Modern Proposal.

Young De Style—Aw—congratulate me, my dear fellow. I'm the happiest man outside of Lunnion.

Friend—Eh? Is it about the lovely Miss De Fashion?

Young De Style—That's it. I asked her to share my 20,000 a year, and she said she would. — N. Y. Weekly.

Not in a Political Sense.

"You say his wife had him arrested for repeating? I didn't know she took any interest in political elections."

"In political elections?"

"Yes, didn't you say she accused him of repeating?"

"Yes, Bigamy."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Fly in the Ointment.

At last we're to be married! With joy my bosom thrills, To think that all is settled— That is, except the bills. —Philadelphia Ledger.

THE SECOND FIDDLE.



She—Gracious! The last time I saw him he was the most opined fellow in town. How he has changed.

He—Oh! didn't you know he was recently married?—Detroit Free Press.

Where They Go.

The men who deal in flower seeds, Would suffer like the dickens In business, if it were not For neighbors who keep chickens. —Chicago Tribune.

No Need of Birds.

"I understand she has joined the Audubon society and no longer has birds on her hats. How did it happen?"

"Why, she found that she could get just as expensive a hat or a bonnet without birds."—Chicago Post.

How Foolish.

"Wasn't that Jack? He passed right by without recognizing us."

"Yes. I rejected him yesterday, and the silly boy thinks I meant it."—N. Y. Journal.

No Need to Worry.

"Professor," said the bud young man of the class, "the scientists tell us the anthracite supply of the world will be completely exhausted in a little over 60 years. What are we to do for fuel then?"

"My friend," replied the venerable man, "by that time, in all probability, you will have gone where the fuel supply is inexhaustible." — Chicago Tribune.

Broke Into Song.

Upon a keg of dynamite Little Georgia sought repose, And slyly lit a cigarette. "My Little Georgia Rose." —Cornell Widow.

YOUTHFUL OBSERVERS.



"Look at Sissy Jones," said the first boy. "She thinks she's right in style, don't she?"

"Yes," sneered the second boy. "She don't know the ladies all let their skirts drag through the dust nowadays." — Chicago Tribune.

Same Place.

Permit us to put in a word: About the yachts we've reckoned, And we believe that Shamrock laid Will still be Shamrock second. —Judge.

A Reproof.

"It strikes me that this is about the slowest railroad in the country," said the impatient tourist.

"I knew you were going to kick," replied the conductor, genially. "As soon as you asked for a time table. You are one of these people who believe everything they see in print." —Washington Star.

The Difference.

"Now," said the teacher, "can you tell me what way our country is different from the countries where they have emperors and kings?"

"Yes," replied little George. "In this country we call them 'leaders of the organization.'" — Chicago Record-Herald.

Case Properly Stated.

"Penelope," said her brother, "don't look angry, now. But, really, didn't Will kiss you when he left last night?"

"How can you use such plebeian phraseology, George?" she answered, haughtily. "There was a slight labial juxtaposition, but it was only momentary." —Tit Bits.

Their Sad Plight.

"Now there is talk of another strike in sympathy with the sympathetic strikers."

"Indeed! Are they entitled to sympathy?"

"Well, it's considered hard luck that they have no grievances of their own."—Puck.

The Thorn and the Rose.

First Married Man—Women are frightful gossipers, aren't they?

Second Married Man—Yes; but just think what a lot of entertaining information one would miss concerning the neighbors were they otherwise. —Chicago Daily News.

Too Expensive.

Wife—Oh, what a dream of a bonnet!

Husband—Yes, but there's no danger of the dream coming true until the price is reduced. —Chicago American.

Makes Good.

"Isn't Jimson a young looking man for his age? He's 62, and he doesn't look a day over 40."

"And sometimes, when you hear him talk, you'd better think he wasn't a day over five." —Chicago Tribune.

IN THE PROFESSION.

But Her Husband Was One Who Manipulated the Razor on the Real Professional Men.

When two women not of the same set meet on a social basis there is not that feeling of en rapportness that we sometimes read about. A few days ago a Second avenue bride was summoned to her parlor by the maid, who presented a calling card printed in blue ink, and up in one corner there was a little pink dove, relates the Detroit Free Press.

The caller proved to be a member of an organization with which the bride was connected, one of those associations that send out visiting committees to prevent the members from forgetting that the organization is on earth. Apparently the chairman decided who was to do certain calls by drawing names out of a hat, and the result was not always satisfactory. In this case it was evident that the chairman had stubbed her toe.

The visitor was new at the business and she displayed her awkwardness at every turn. There was some preliminary small talk, with the guest making all the leads and the hostess regularly refusing to play trumps. The bride answered "yes" and "no," and secretly she was greatly amused. Then the committeewoman plunged.

"What business is your husband in?" she inquired, abruptly.

"He is a professional man, a lawyer," was the reply.

"How delightful," cooed the visitor, in the tone that is recommended in the rough and ready etiquette books.

"Yes," said the bride.

"I am sure we are going to be good friends," continued the caller, "for my husband, too, is a professional man."

Woman's curiosity got the better of the hostess, and she asked:

"And what is his profession?"

"He is a barber in one of the best places on Gratiot avenue. It takes a lot of experience and a very steady hand to be a good barber. He hopes to have a shop of his own some day."

The bride smiled broadly, she could not help it, and, encouraged by this, her guest asked:

"And where did you work before you were married?"

The hostess this time laughed aloud, and the caller concluded that she was getting to be quite a conversationalist.

"I did not work anywhere," replied the bride. "I just went to school, played golf, attended cooking school meetings and did other little things like that to improve my mind."

"Oh, my, how nice," said the visitor, as she opened her eyes wider than before; and then she rubbed her lips with a yellow-bordered handkerchief that was scented with jockey club horse liniment.

When she prepared to go she gave her hostess an urgent invitation to return the call, as she said she felt sure that they were going to like each other awfully well. As a final bon mot she remarked:

"You might tell your husband about my husband's shop, and when they get acquainted we four could have such awfully good times."

The bride ordered the parlor aired. Then she went upstairs to burn mosquito sticks, in order to drive from her clothing the smell of the liniment that may be good for man or beast, but is not popular with society women.

GROWS WINGS ON INSECT.

California Entomologist Demonstrates That Life Can Be Regulated by Chemicals.

Warren T. Clark, the student assistant in entomology at the University of California, has done with land forms of insect life almost what Dr. Jacques Loeb, the eminent biologist who recently took the chair of physiology at the university, has done with marine forms of insect life—demonstrated that with the aid of powerful chemical solutions life and growth can be regulated at the will, says a San Francisco report.

In a series of experiments that Mr. Clark has just concluded he has made the discovery that the growth of wings on the "nectarophoro rosae Linn," a species of aphid, is due to chemical excitation alone, and not to any causes that have formerly been regarded as natural by the entomologists who have studied the growth of the insect. In the past the reasons for the growth of these wings have been assigned to a short food supply, to starvation, and to the conditions of the temperature, which have forced the insect to grow wings in order to protect itself from extinction.

Careful examination, however, of the ingredients of the insects' food supply has completely contradicted these early theories and established the important point that these appendages are created through the growth of the proper cells, a growth that is made possible by the charging of the insect's food material, particularly, with soluble salts of magnesium.

Love.

He—You passed me without speaking to me.

She—Oh, I must have been thinking about you. —Detroit Free Press.

RATHER TOO SMART.

Faustious Young Lawyer Gets a Taking Down by an Indignant Witness.

A promising barrister was wont to declare that, though many a bad case had been won by a brilliant sally in court, equally as many good ones had been lost through overdoing the thing, says London Tit-Bits.

Not long ago a case arising out of a street accident came on for hearing at a certain county court.

An electric tramcar had figured in the collision, and when one of the witnesses stepped forward he was at once tackled by the facetious young gentleman engaged by the plaintiffs.

"What are you?" he began abruptly.

"An electric conductor," responded the witness.

"Indeed!" ejaculated the lawyer. "A living lightning conductor, I suppose?"

For one moment the witness hesitated. Then he boldly tackled the facetious one.

"Look here, young man," he remarked, in a fatherly sort of way. "You may not know it, but there are different kinds of conductors. For instance, I'm one and you're another, and if I didn't conduct my case any better than you're conducting your case, I should earn the sack, and get it!"

A Sudden Drop.

"Yep," said Dakota Dan, resting his glum on the bar, "he pretended to be a friend of mine, but he wasn't. Last summer he done me a dirty, sneakin' trick—sold me a saddle that wasn't his'n, and I had to give it up."

"I suppose you were not very friendly with him after that?"

"Nope—I dropped him then and thar. His widder married the sheriff last week." —Kansas City Journal.

Contagious Only.

"This fishin' fever seems to be contagious," said the stranger, noting the long row of anglers perched upon the creek bank.

"Yes, it's contagious, all right," said the man who had been fishing four hours without a nibble, "but not ketchin'." —Baltimore American.

The diligent fostering of a candid habit of mind, even in trifles, is a matter of high moment, both to character and opinions. —Howson.

Stops the Cough.

and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents

Talkers will refrain from evil speaking when listeners refrain from evil hearing. —Hare.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds. —J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Perhaps—"Is he marrying her for money?"

"Well, he says she's as good as gold." —Detroit Free Press.

"The Klean, Kool, Kitchen Kind" of stoves make no smoke, smell, soot, ashes or excessive heat. Always look for trade mark.

Experience is a keen knife that cuts, while it extracts the cataract that blinds. —De Lano.

Three solid through trains daily Chicago to California. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line.

Silence is often the best apology. —Chicago Journal.

Opium and Liquor Habits Cured. Book free. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

A fool is wise, after a pattern of his own. —Chicago Daily News.

FASTEN AGE MARKS.

Sick Kidneys make people look older than they are; hasten the evening days of life; fasten the marks of premature old age. The world over Doan's Kidney Pills is the recognized Kidney Specific.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish. They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, excessive pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills dissolve and remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness.

SALEM, MASS., March 31, 1901.—I received the sample of Doan's Kidney Pills, and with the use of one more box from my druggist I am entirely cured of a very lame back.—W. A. CLEVELAND.

GALESBURG, ILL., March 20, 1903.—The sample of Doan's Kidney Pills came to hand. I also got one 50-cent box from our druggist, and I am thankful to say the pain across the small of my back disappeared like a snow bank in hot sun. Doan's Pills reach the spot.—ELMER WARFEL.

ROSE GLEN, PA., March 29, 1903.—The free trial of Doan's Kidney Pills have been of great benefit to me. Since using them I have no occasion to get up so often at night. My complaint affected the bladder more when catching cold.—JOSEPH LEONARD.

DYSPEPSIA OF WOMEN.



Mrs. E. B. Bradshaw, of Guthrie, Okla., cured of a severe case by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A great many women suffer with a form of indigestion or dyspepsia which does not seem to yield to ordinary medical treatment. While the symptoms seem to be similar to those of ordinary indigestion, yet the medicines universally prescribed do not seem to restore the patient's normal condition.

Mrs. Pinkham claims that there is a kind of dyspepsia that is caused by derangement of the female organism, and which, while it causes disturbance similar to ordinary indigestion, cannot be relieved without a medicine which not only acts as a stomach tonic, but has peculiar uterine tonic effects as well.

Thousands of testimonial letters prove beyond question that nothing will relieve this distressing condition so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It always works in harmony with the female system.

Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address Lynn, Mass.

The Longest Sentence.

A schoolmaster was giving his class a lesson in grammar when he asked the boys to tell him the longest sentence they had ever read. There was silence for a minute or two, but at last a small boy stood up and said he could remember the longest sentence he had ever read.

"Well, Tommy," said the teacher, "what was it?"

"Imprisonment for life," replied the boy. —N. Y. Tribune.

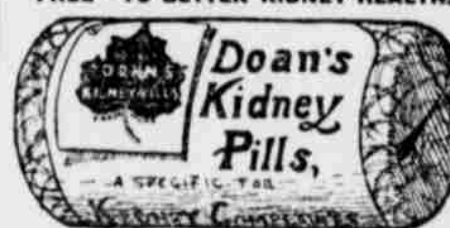
He Wasn't a Cheese.

The physicians were holding a consultation beside the cot of the man supposed to have appendicitis concealed about his person.

"I believe," said one of the surgeons, "that we should wait and let him get stronger before cutting into him."

Before the other prospective operators could reply the patient turned his head and remarked feebly: "What do you take me for—a cheese?" —Baltimore American.

FREE—TO BETTER KIDNEY HEALTH.



FOR THE MILLIONS OF BUFFALO, N. Y. Please send me by mail, without charge, trial box Doan's Kidney Pills.

Name _____
Post office _____
State _____
(Cut out coupon on dotted lines and mail to Foster-McBarn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.)
Medical Advice Free—Strictly Confidential

ALABASTINE IS WHAT?

A natural, rock base composition for walls and ceilings to be used in white or any number of beautiful tints, in powder form, to be mixed with cold water, making a durable, sanitary and cleanly home. Any one can brush it on.

KALSOMINES ARE WHAT?

Unnatural glue and whitening decompositions for walls and ceilings that stick only until the glue by exposure decays, when they rub and scale off, spoiling walls and rendering them unsanitary and the rooms almost uninhabitable.

Alabastine possesses merit while the only merit hot or cold water kalsomines possess is that your dealer can buy them cheap.

There are many reasons why you should not use poisonous wall paper and unsanitary kalsomines. Buy Alabastine in 5 lb. packages only and properly labeled.

Please write us for Suggestions from our Artists in Decorating Your Rooms with ALABASTINE.

ALABASTINE COMPANY

New York Office, 105 Water St.

Offices and Factory, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Yours for a Clear Head

BROMO-SELTZER

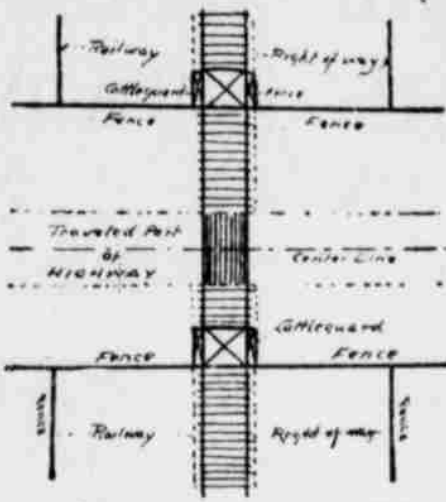
10¢ SOLD EVERYWHERE



ABOUT CATTLE GUARDS.

Changes in Locating Them Recommended by a Special Canadian Commission.

A special commission, acting under the Canadian department of railways and lands, has been studying the question whether the present arrangement of cattle guards can be improved. Some points have not yet been disposed of, but on one a distinct recommendation has already been made. The commission thinks that those at the crossings of public highways should be located differently. In the accompanying diagram, which Engineering News finds in the official report, the left hand half represents the ordinary usage, while the right hand half shows the proposed plan. Inspection will reveal this difference: Hitherto the cattle guard has



IMPROVED CATTLE GUARDS.

been located on the railroad side of the boundary between the company's land and the public highway, whereas it is now suggested that it ought to be outside. These are some of the advantages which the change is supposed to possess:

In case of wandering animals feeding along the roadside, their attention will be directed away from the right of way of the railway instead of finding an opening into which their curiosity tends to lead them, as is the case under the ordinary arrangement.

It reduces the length of crossing upon which animals can gather, as is their tendency in some localities. At the same time, it does not impair the usefulness of the highway in the least, since the part thus fenced in is not used for travel.

It will be additionally effective as a crossing signal, and prevent teams under the guidance of irresponsible drivers from turning down the track. Of this there are several disastrous instances, particularly in reference to the old pit guard, as well as others.

It offers no inducement for the animals to go on the right of way, because there are apparently only the track, ties and ballast (protected by a guard) to the right or left, while there is the regular highway with no hindrance left open to them, with an apparent open gateway which curiosity will tend to lead them to choose.

In case of cattle being met on the crossing by a train, as is frequent, the fences will act as a shelter behind which the animals will dodge, instead of, as now, making a rush for the opening which the guard is called upon to protect.

CLEAN DAIRY UTENSILS.

Never Lose Sight of the Fact That Sunlight Is the Greatest of Microbe Destroyers.

Milk utensils should be made of metal and have all joints smoothly soldered so there will be no seams where filth may accumulate, says Dairy and Creamery. Never allow them to become rough or rusty inside. Do not haul waste products, as skim milk and whey, back to the farm from the butter or cheese factory in the same cans used for delivering the milk. Use old cans for this purpose. Clean all dairy utensils by first thoroughly rinsing them in tepid water; then clean inside and out with a brush and hot water, in which a cleaning material is dissolved; then rinse and lastly sterilize by boiling water and steam. Use pure water only. After cleansing keep utensils inverted, in pure air and sun, if possible, until wanted for use again. In this paper much is made of sunlight. This is because it is a microbe destroyer. They cannot live and flourish in the sunlight. Darkness is life to them and disease germs. Sunlight and the drouth of a year ago last season destroyed nearly all the hog cholera germs in the corn and swine belt, and this season that disease is very rare there. The most dangerous and unwholesome room in the average dwelling house is the parlor, where it is kept darkened to keep the carpet from fading or for some other trifling matter. It just swarms with evil microbes of many kinds, as those of sore throat, a hacking cough, a slight fever, bowel troubles and numerous other ailments. "Sunlight for sweetness."

ROADS AND SCHOOLS.

Some Valuable Suggestions Offered by New York's Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The advantage of good roads to dwellers in the country districts lies not alone in greater ease by which crops can be transported to the distributing centers and towns. They play a great part in the education of the children of these districts, inasmuch as the more the children can be drawn together in large central schools the better can they be educated. With a number of small schools scattered over the rural districts it is too expensive to provide much more than instruction in the rudimentary branches, but if the children can be brought together in large central schools, the cost of instruction is divided among a greater number and more branches can be included in the curriculum. As is pointed out in the following extract from the report of Superintendent of Public Instruction Charles R. Skinner, of New York state, it is impossible to bring the children together unless the roads are in good condition.

"The arguments thus far advanced in the commendable agitation for good roads have not considered the welfare and comfort of our school children as a factor.

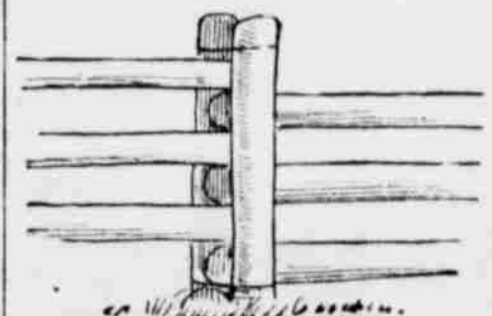
"The farmer is told that good roads will put money into his pocket by saving his horses and wagons, that the value of his farm will be enhanced and the trip to town or to church will be a pleasure rather than a burden. The merchant is assured that his trade will mightily increase if good roads lead to the village. The bicyclist knows by an occasional run over rare sections of well-built highway what comfort would result if good roads were the rule instead of the exception. Those who are able to indulge in the luxury of automobiles also see pleasant visions. Nothing, however, has been said about the children as they go through the mud and dust, up hill and down, from their homes to the school-houses, one to three miles distant. Is it unreasonable to believe that these men and women of to-morrow would prefer well graded, macadamized roadbeds to the miserable pretenses for highways which now disfigure so much of our landscape? It is not difficult to imagine the country school a much happier and busier place if the children could gather after pleasant walks along well built and well kept highways.

"What to do with our country schools is becoming a serious problem as the years go by and the rural districts become more sparsely settled. When more than 30 per cent. of our rural schools have an average daily attendance of less than ten children something should be devised to put a stop to such needless waste. Combination of resources and capital cheapens production and results in an improved product. It is the opinion of educators that a reasonable application of this principle to our rural school problem would result beneficially. With the present condition of country roads the transportation of the children to central, well equipped schools is practically impossible during most of the year. Good roads would remove a serious obstacle to this most important step forward in the improvement of our country schools. The boys and girls of the country with one accord demand good roads, that they may enjoy school privileges equal to those of their brothers and sisters in village and city."

DURABLE RAIL FENCE.

An Idea from Tennessee Which May Be of Some Help to Farmers in Other Sections.

A good plan on fencing is here described. This method is taking the lead in this country. For rail fencing



STRONG RAIL FENCE.

none excels. I will try to describe it as best I can. Set posts as for plank fence. Lay a stone on the inside of the fence, set a short rail on the stone. Then fasten wires around the posts at top and bottom. Place a rail on top wire and bottom wire to hold the posts in place. Then fill in rails.—Roscoe Torbett, in Epitomist.

The Truth About Weeds.

What is a weed? No better definition of a weed has been given than that based on the adage, " dirt is matter out of place." "A weed is a plant out of place," and as "weed" is a man-word and not a nature-term, what are commonly called weeds may under cultivation become desirable crops, and conversely many good things may spread beyond control and become weed pests of the worst kind.—Rural World.

TEXAS HOSPITALITY.

The Welcome Given a Railroad Surveyor Which He Thought Was the Greatest Ever.

The man who had been in southwest Texas looking over the route for a prospective railroad had been interested in a reference to hospitality in its truest sense, relates the New York Sun.

"All day long I had been driving with a man in the dust and the question of a camping place involved finding the necessary water," he said. "There were no streams; no water holes; only dust and hills and alkali.

"Just before sundown we came in sight of some scrubby timber rising from a draw ahead of us and we started for it. Just as we turned the ridge we noticed a lonesome looking shack in the edge of the trees and we drove up to it just as darkness came on.

"The first sight of anything living was a lean foxhound that dashed out at us, baying; he was followed by two more and after these a pair of collies and then a miscellaneous collection of dogs of all shades and breeds, bent upon attacking us, but snarling and biting even among themselves.

"Suddenly a long, lean figure of a man with a hairy face out of which only a pair of eyes and the tip of a nose was showing charged upon the dogs with a stick, sending them scuttling under the house again. Then without a word he came up to us with his eyes fixed on the horses.

"It was not an ideal situation for a fagged team and two worn, thirsty men, but I tackled the proposition. I didn't mention anything about a railroad, but I laid beautiful stress upon our condition and our needs for a camping place where there was water.

"And while I talked he was looking over the team from the front. As I talked some more in my most engaging manner he stepped around to the side of the off horse to look him over, broadside.

"It would be the greatest favor imaginable if only we might stop here," I continued. "We will make you no trouble and are more than willing to pay for feed for our team."

"He was at the side of the off horse by this time, and I was almost too discouraged to say anything more, thinking perhaps, we had been taken for a pair of horse thieves. I had made another attempt to move him, however, when he straightened up, expectorated an immense charge of tobacco juice under the horse and looked into my face for the first time.

"Want to stay all night, hey?"

"I was trying to tell him again just how much we wanted to do that very thing when he broke in:

"Well, if you want to stay all night, I reckon you've struck the most lively place this side of the Pecos river."

"Hospitality?" repeated the man who had been in Texas. "Say, that was the greatest welcoming I ever had in my life!"

PUTTING IT PLAINLY.

A Young Man Who Was Not at All Afraid of His Girl's Pa.

The old gentleman didn't want the young gentleman to marry the young lady, the young lady being the old gentleman's daughter.

So when the young gentleman came on the all-important mission, the old gentleman set his face against the young gentleman, says the Chicago Journal.

"No, sir," said he, with angry emphasis, "you cannot have my daughter."

"But I want her," urged the young gentleman, "and, what is of some consideration in the count, she wants me."

"That makes no difference, sir; you can't have her."

"That means, I presume, that you want me to give her up?"

"Exactly."

The young gentleman took a hitch in himself.

"Do you think I am going to do it?" he asked, in a tone which did not strike the old gentleman as altogether submissive.

"I do."

"Well, no wonder you don't want me for a son-in-law. If you think I'm that kind of a fellow, I don't blame you at all; I wouldn't have that kind of a son-in-law myself, even if sons-in-law were going at a premium. But, my dear sir, I'm not that kind. I want your daughter for my wife, and I'm going to have her; she wants me for a husband; I have no objection to you as a father-in-law, and she rather admires you as a father. Therefore, I am warranted in joining the combination, and if you want to act ugly, why, we will, as dutiful children, humor your whim, and patch it up somehow with the friends of the family, who will be wanting to know what is the matter with you, anyhow. See?"

And the old gentleman had wisdom enough to understand the situation exactly.

Family Criticism.

Fond Mother—Do you think Mabel sings better than she did before taking lessons?

Bachelor Uncle—Sure thing. She knows when to stop now.—Chicago Daily News.

'POOR DIGESTION LANGUID AND TIRED.'

[An Interesting Letter Concerning Pe-ru-na.]



Miss Della Janveau, Globe Hotel, Ottawa, Ont., is from one of the oldest and best known French Canadian families in Canada. In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, she says:

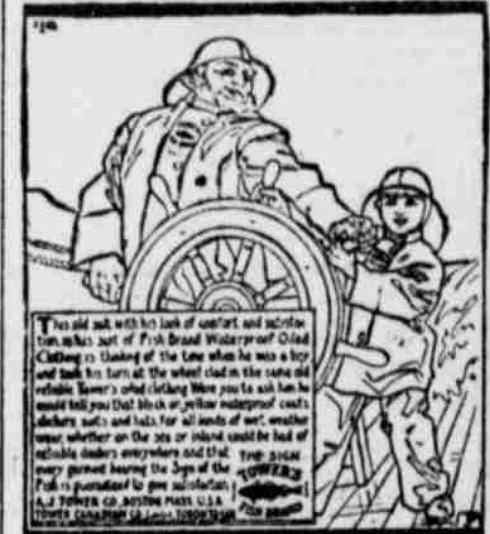
"Last spring my blood seemed clogged up, my digestion poor, my head ached and I felt languid and tired all the time. My physician prescribed for me, but a friend advised me to try Peruna. I tried it and am pleased to state that I found it a wonderful cleanser and purifier of the system. In three weeks I was like a new woman, my appetite had increased, I felt buoyant, light and happy and without an ache or pain. Peruna is a reliable family medicine."

Adia Brittain, of Sekitan, O., writes: "After using your wonderful Peruna three months I have had great relief. I had continual heaviness in my stomach, was bilious, and had fainting spells, but they all have left me since using Peruna."—Adia Brittain.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna,

factory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.



If winter left you "all run down," wind up with
Hires Rootbeer
That will "set you going."
Five gallons for 25 cents.
Charles E. Hires Co.,
Milvern, Pa.

TO HOMESEEEKERS
GOOD with productive soils can be secured on the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway in Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia. PRICES REASONABLE. Climate healthful, never very cold or very hot. All marketable crops grown and bring better prices than in the North. Rainfall ample and well distributed.
CORRESPONDENCE with Real Estate Agents in the North invited.
For pamphlets write to
H. F. SMITH, Traffic Manager,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

A LITTLE MONEY
paid each month buys a good little farm of acres in Shannon county, Mo., golden fruit belt; 5 miles to R. R. town; all fine smooth timber land. Price \$250, 50 cash, 40 per month. Deferred, say R. C. bank. Beautiful map Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas or Oklahoma, and big list farms either state. No stamps or silver.
LOTT "THE LAND MAN,"
140 1-2 West 8th St., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE TO WOMEN
To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Soap, we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of female ills, curement of catarrhs, and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send to-day, a postal card will do.
Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents, large box, \$1.00.
THE N. PATTON CO., 251 California St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED—A Representative in the Spring for the Address of the National Chamber of Commerce, 1001 Chamber of Commerce, New York, N. Y.

U.M.C.
Stands for Union Metallic Cartridges. It also stands for uniform shooting and satisfactory results.
Ask your dealer for U.M.C. ARROW and NITRO CLUB Smokeless Shot Shells.
The Union Metallic Cartridge Co.,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

WESTERN CANADA
HAS FREE HOMES FOR MILLIONS.
upwards of 100,000 American boys settled in Western Canada during the past 10 years. They are CONTENTED, HAPPY, AND PROSPEROUS, and there is room still for MILLIONS.

Wonderful yields of wheat and other grains. The best grazing lands on the continent. Magnificent climate; plenty of water and fuel; good schools, excellent churches; splendid railway facilities.
HOMESTEAD LANDS OF 160 Acres FREE.
Send the following for an Atlas and other literature, as well as for certificate giving you reduced railway rates, etc.: Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or H. M. WILLIAMS, Room 2, Big Four Bldg., Toledo, Ohio; J. C. DUNCAN, Room 2, Big Four Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.; authorized Canadian Government Agents.

FREE TO WOMEN
To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Soap, we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of female ills, curement of catarrhs, and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send to-day, a postal card will do.
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CAMPTON COURIER.

BENZ. SEWELL, Editor. Vol. I. No. 24.

Courtney Combs returned from New Orleans last Friday.

S. G. Drushel, the banker, made a flying trip to Torrent on Sunday.

George W. King, the trading man, of Holly, was in town Monday.

If you want to subscribe for THE HERALD, or want some advertising done, make your wants known to the Editor of Campton Courier.

G. T. Center, President of the Red River Oil Company, and his wife, of Stillwater, attended the burial of the wife of Granville Bailey here Sunday.

Frank Bolin, of Toliver, and Mrs. Ella Bumgardner, of this place, were married Thursday of last week. Here is luck and a long life of happiness to 'em.

The wife of Granville Bailey, of Stillwater, died on the 23d inst. of pneumonia fever, and was buried in the Campton Cemetery on the 24th. She leaves a large circle of friends to mourn her loss.

Commonwealth's Attorney J. E. Byrd left for London, Mo. the special train at the Bluebird City, Mo. station, Saturday morning.

Our courage fails us.

George R. Hawkins, of the New Ohio-Kentucky Oil Company now doing work in Powell county, was here Saturday and Sunday. He reports five good producing oil wells in Powell county for his company. Mr. Hawkins is one of the promoters of the Red River Oil Company of this place, and was here on business connected with said company.

The directors of the Red River Oil Company met here Saturday night and elected the following as officers of the company: G. T. Center, President; W. S. Tutt, Vice President; Benj. Sewell, Secretary, and S. G. Drushel, Treasurer. The company is negotiating with the Hazel Green Oil and Gas Company with a view of doing some drilling for them.

Col. E. H. Wilson, of Pittsburg, Pa., is in town looking over our oil field, and is very much encouraged with the outlook. He is an oil man of wide experience, and says the Cabell well here is the best producer in the State. This well is producing thirty-six barrels per day, and has evidences of being a long-lived well. This well also furnishes a good supply of gas sufficient to run the machinery. This well has never been "shot."

A Little Early Riser
Now and then, at bedtime will cure constipation, biliousness and liver troubles. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the famous little pills that cure by arousing the secretions, moving the bowels gently, yet effectively, and giving such tone and strength to the glands of the stomach and liver that the cause of the trouble is removed entirely, and if their use is continued for a few days, there will be no return of the complaint.

Again we must remind correspondents that obituaries are subject to advertising rates, and are published only when paid for.

**At One
Half the Cost**

**Lion
Coffee**

has better strength and flavor than many so-called "fancy" brands.

Bulk coffee at the same price is not to be compared with Lion in quality.

In 1 lb. air tight, sealed packages.

DID HE COME? BY SAM WILSON.

One summer eve, a maiden fair,
Sat midst the flowers gay,
An open letter in her hand,
Which she received that day.
The lines were music sweet to her,
While in a plaintive tune,
The flowers seemed to whisper low,
"I'll see you, sweetheart, soon."

One summer eve, a maiden fair,
Before the mirror stands,
With flowers fair she decks her hair,
Plucked by her beautiful hands.
And from the cluster she took one,
A lily white as snow,
And pinned it on her breast, then said,
"He loves this flower so."

One summer eve, a maiden fair,
With gladness in her heart,
Serenely sat in a parlor chair
Surveying a work of art.
It was a gift, a picture fair,
Which often met her gaze,
And brought from those sweet ruby lips,
A rich, melodious praise.

One summer eve, a maiden fair,
Sat watching the dial bright,
Awaiting the hour when he would come,
Her true sweetheart that night.
No tears had she within her heart,
To mar the happy thrill,
And now we'll ring the curtain down,
And leave her waiting still.

Makes a Clean Sweep.
There's nothing like doing a thing thoroughly. Of all the Salves you ever heard of, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best. It sweeps away and cures Burns, Sores, Bruises, Cuts, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It's only 25c, and guaranteed to give satisfaction by J. T. Day, Hazel Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons, Campton, druggists.

MAYTOWN MISSIVES.

Robert Childers made a flying trip to McCauley Saturday.

Grand Taylor and Lenox Swango were in our town Saturday and Sunday.

R. A. Childers started Saturday to Catlettsburg, where he will spend a few days.

Miss Stella Manker, who has been ill for the past two weeks, is able to be out again. LUNETTE.

The Wastes of the Body.
Every seven days the blood, muscles, and bones of a man of average size loses two pounds of worn-out tissue. The waste cannot be replenished and the health and strength kept up without perfect digestion. When the stomach and digestive organs fail to perform their functions, the strength lets down, health gives way, and disease sets up. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure enables the stomach and digestive organs to digest and assimilate all of the wholesome food that may be eaten into the kind of blood that rebuilds the tissues and protects the health and strength of the mind and body. Kodol cures indigestion, Dyspepsia, and all stomach troubles. It is an ideal spring tonic.

STILLWATER SPARKLES.

J. M. Taylor went to Campton Sunday.

Quite a large crowd attended meeting at Landsaw Sunday.

Miss Lizzie Combs, of Campton, is visiting friends and relatives here.

Ye scribe spent a very enjoyable time Friday night with friends on upper Stillwater.

The little child of Jeff Brewer and wife, whose illness was reported last week, has since died.

Melvin Edwards, who has been visiting in Lee county the past week, returned home Sunday.

On last Saturday Breck Little lost some-where between here and Campton a purse containing \$177 in cash.

Mrs. Granville Bailey died at her home here on the 23d inst. of fever, after an illness of only a few days. She leaves a family and many friends to mourn her loss. She was taken to Campton on the 24th for burial.

May 24. PRESTO.

A Sure Thing.

It is said that nothing is sure except death and taxes, but that is not altogether true. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is a sure cure for all lung and throat troubles. Thousands can testify to that. Mrs. C. B. Van Metre, of Shepherdstown, W. Va., says: "I had a severe case of Bronchitis and for a year tried everything I heard of, but got no relief. One bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery then cured me absolutely." It's infallible for Croup, Whooping Cough, Grip, Pneumonia and Consumption. Try it. It's guaranteed by J. T. Day, Hazel Green, and S. S. Combs & Sons, Campton, druggists. Trial bottles free. Regular sizes 50c. and \$1.00.

Cecil J. Armstrong, minister of the Christian Church, Winchester, will arrive here Saturday afternoon and will deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon on Sunday morning and the Annual Address on Sunday evening. Everybody should hear this brilliant young pulpit orator.



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Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It is unequalled for all stomach troubles.

It can't help but do you good

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.
The \$1. bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 50c. size.

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WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid Up Capital, \$100,000.00.
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This bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking.

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To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

Cures Grip In Two Days.
on every box, 25c.

This signature, *E. H. Green*

THE MAINSPRING

THE mainspring of a watch imparts the power to keep it going—when clogged up the time-piece is useless. The liver is the mainspring of the human body. When it is out of order, the entire system is disorganized, and every organ in the body is affected. Torpidity of the liver is an abnormal enlargement of that organ—with a consequent stoppage of its functions.

Constipation, Piles, Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Malarial Fever are all the direct results of a torpid liver, and if allowed to continue, will surely result in even more dangerous organic diseases, such as Bright's Disease, etc.

Planters Nubian Tea—a purely vegetable compound—will quickly relieve and permanently cure sick headache, tired feeling, depression of spirits, loathing of food, fullness or distress after eating, aching limbs, vomiting, nausea, constipation, feeling of soreness in region of liver, jaundice, impure blood, muddy complexion, and all other symptoms due to torpid liver. Purges the system of all impurities—restores every organ to perfect health. At your druggist's, or prepaid by mail, 25c. a package, 5 packages \$1.00. Send for sample and booklet free.

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There's health and strength in a bottle of pure Beer. And Lexington brew has purity and quality. Barley in it for food. Hops for tonic. And just enough alcohol to aid digestion. Essential to the weak, healthful for anybody. A standard, high grade beer. Unsurpassed for table use and medicinal purposes. The beer that nourishes, cheers and invigorates.

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